



SIR  
GYLES GOOSE-CAPPE  
K. NIGHT.

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A Comedy lately Acted with great ap-  
plause at the private House  
in Salisbury Court.

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LONDON:  
Printed for HUGH PERRY, and are to be sold  
by ROGER BALE at the golden Anchor, in  
the Strand neere Temple barre.



*Eugenia, A widow, and a Noble Lady.*  
*Hippolyta, { Lady, virgines, and Companions to Eugenia.*  
*Penelope, {*  
*Winnifred, gentlewoman to Eugenia.*  
*Momford, A Noble Man, uncle to Eugenia.*  
*Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Momford.*  
*Fonthwaith, A french affectad Travayler, & a Captaine.*  
*Sir Gyles Goose-cap, a foolish Knight.*  
*Sir Cuthbert Rudiby, a blunt Knight.*  
*Sir Clement Kingcob, a Knight.*  
*Lord Tales.*  
*Lord Furnisfall.*  
*Bullaker, a french Page.*  
*Jacke. { Pages.*  
*Will. {*



To the Worshipfull *Richard*  
*Young* of Woolley-farme  
in the County of Berks.  
*Esquire,*

Worthy Sir.

**H** He many favours, and  
courtesies, that I have  
Received from you, and  
your much Honord Fa-  
ther, have put such an obligation  
upon me, as I have bin long cogi-  
tateing how to expresse my selfe by  
the requitall of some part of them;  
Now this Play having diverse  
yeeres since beene thrust into the  
world to seeke its owne entertain-  
ment, without so much as an epistle,  
or under the Shelter of any gene-  
rous spirit, is now almost become

A 2

Worne

The Epistle.

worne out of memory: And comming  
to be pressed to the publique view  
again, it having none to speake  
for it (the Author being dead) I  
am bold to recommend the same to  
your Worships protection, I know  
your studies are more propense to  
more serious subjects, yet vouch-  
safe, I beseech you, to recreate your  
selfe with this at some vacant time  
when your leasure will permit you  
to peruse it, and daigne mee to  
bee.

Your Worships bounden  
Servant,

HUGH PERKIN





SIR GYLES GOOSE-  
CAPPE, KNIGHT.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

*Enter Bullaker with a Torche.*

*Bullaker.*

**H**is is the Countesse *Eugenias* house I thinke  
I can never hit of theis same English City  
howses, tho I were borne here: if I were in  
any City in *Fraunce*, I could find any house  
there at midnight.

*Enter Iacke, and Will.*

*Iack.* Theis two strange hungry Knights (*Will*) make  
the leanest trenchers that ever I waited on.

*Will.* A plague on them *Iacke*, they leave us no fees  
at all, for our attendance, I thinke they use to set their  
bones in silver they pick them so cleane, see, see, see *Iacke*  
whats that.

*Iacke.* A my word (*Will*) tis the great *Babone*, that  
wasto be scene in Southwarke.

*Will.* Is this he? Gods my life what beastes were we,  
that we wood not see hm all this while, never trust me  
if he looke not Tomewhat like a man, see how pretely  
he holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his  
keeper trowe, is he broke loose?

B

*Iacke*

*Iacke*. Hast ever an Apple about thee (*Will*) weele take him up sure, we shall get a monstrous deale of money with him.

*Will*. That we shall yfash boy, and looke thou heres heres a red cheek apple to take him up with.

*Ia*. Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our present, and to him.

*Bul*. Ile let them alone a while,

*Ia*. Give me the apple to take up *Iacke*, because my name is *Iacke*.

*Will*. Hold thee *Iacke*, take it.

*Ia*. Come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*.

*Bul*. I will come to you sir, Ile *Iacke* ye a my word, Ile *Iacke* ye.

*Will*. Gods me he speakes *Iacke*. O pray pardon us Sir.

*Bul*. Out ye, *mopede monckies* can yee not knowe a man from a *Marmesett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of ours? nay ile *Iacke* ye a little better yet.

*Both*. Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon us.

*Bul*. Pardon us, out ye home-bred peafants, plain english, pardon us if you had parled, & not spoken, but said *Pardonne moy*: I wood have pardon'd you, but since you speake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

*Ambo* O pardonne moy monsieur.

*Bul*. *Bien je vous remercy, thers pardonne pour vous* fir now.

*Will*. Why I thanke ye for it Sir, you seeme to bee a Squire of our order Sir.

*Ia*. Whose page might you be Sir.

*Bul*. I am now the great French Travalers page.

*Will*. Or rather the French Travalers great page, Sir, on, on.

*Bul*. Hight Captaine *Fowleweather*, alias Commendations; whose valours within here at super with the Countes *Eugenia*, whose proper eaters I take you two to be.

*Will*. You mistake us not Sir.

*Ia*. This Captaine *Fowleweather*, alias Comendations.  
(*Will*)

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*(Will)* Is the Gallant that will needs be a sutor to our Countesse.

*Will.* Faith, and if Fowlweather be a welcome sutor to a faire Lady, has good lucke.

*Ia.* O Sir, beware of one that can shewe into the lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowlweather? why hees a Captinado, or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their joyntes that give him cause to worke upon them so heauylie, that he will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowlweather? why he will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowlweather? why he does so domineere, and raigne over women.

*Will.* A plague of Captaine Fowlweather I remember him now *Iacke*, and know him to be a dull moist-brained Ass.

*Ia.* A Southerne man I thinke.

*Will.* As fearefull as a Haire, and will lye like a Lapwing, and I know how he came to be a Captain, and to have his Surname of Commendations.

*Ia.* How I preethee *Will*?

*Will.* Why Sir he served the great Lady Kingcob, and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & because a good brush up her silkes lustely, she thought he would currie the enemies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

*Ia.* Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was ever after surnamd Captaine Commendations?

*Will.* Right.

*Bul.* I Sir right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine should have taken no wrong at his handes; nor yours neyther, I can tell ye.

*Ia.* What are those two Knights names; that are thy Captaines *Comrades*, and within at supper with our Lady

*Bul.* One of their names Sir, is *Sir Gyles Goose-cappe*, the others

others Sir *Curt Rudeſhy*.

*Will* Sir Gyles Goosecappe what's he a gentleman,

*Bul.* That he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in Essex.

*Ia.* In Essex? did not his Auncestors come out of London.

*Bul.* Yes that they did Sir, the best *Gossecappes* in England, come out of London I assure you.

*Will.* I but Sir these must come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countriman is Sir *Curt. Rudeſhy*?

*Bul.* A Northern man, or a Westernman I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him: for tis a very forcible word in troth, and yet he forces it too much by his favour; many no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicity often times he travailes himselfe out of all good company.

*Jacks.* Like enough; he travailld for nothing else.

*Will.* But what qualities haunt Sir Gyles Goosecappe now Sir.

*Bul.* Sir Gyles Goosecap has always a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for every thing is; because we are all mortall; and therefore he is generally calld the mortall Knight; then hath he another pretty phrase too, and that is, he will tickle the vanity and still in everything, and this is your *Summa totius* of both their virtues.

*Ia.* Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they have land enough but now murther your third person afore us I beseech you.

*Bul.* The third person, and second Knight blunt Sir *Curt. Rudeſhy*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit a good bustling Gallant talks well at Rovers; he is two parts souldier; as slovenlie as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he wears a bush beard will dead a Cannan shot better then a woolpacke:

packe: he will come into the presence like yor *Frenchman* in foule bootes, and dares eate Garlike as a preprative to his Courtship, you shall know more of him hereafter; but good wags let me winne you now, for the Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

*Will.* That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographicall too and you will; first my Lady the widowe, and Countesse *Eugenia*, is in earnest, a most worthy Lady, and indeede can doe more than a thousand other Ladies can doe I can tell you.

*Bul.* What's that I pray thee?

*Ia.* Mary Sir, he meanes she can doe more than sleepe, and eate, and drinke; and play at noddie, and helpe to make hir selfe ready.

*Bul.* Can she so?

*Will.* She is the best scholler of any woman but one in England, she is wise, and vertuous.

*Ia.* Nay she has one strange quality for a woman besides, tho these be strange enough that he has rekonied.

*Bul.* For Gods sake whats that?

*Ia.* She can love reasonable constantly, for she loved her husband only, almost a whole yeere together.

*Bul.* Thats strange indeed, but what is your faire Lady Sir?

*Ia.* My Lady Sir, the Lady *Hippolita*.

*Will.* That is as chaste as ever was *Hippolitus*.

*Ia.* (True my pretty *Paramebesis*) is halfe a maid, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdow.

*Bul.* Strange tale to tell: how canst thou make this good my good *Assumpsit*.

*Ia.* Thus Sir, she was betroathed to a gallant young gentleman that loude hir with such passion, and admiration that he never thought he could be so blessed as to enjoy her in full marriage, till the minister was marrying them, and even then when he was saying I *Charles* take thee *Hippolita* with extreame joy he begā to looke

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

pale, then going forwards saying, to my wedded wife, he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, for richer for poorer as long as we both shall live, he lookt extreame pale; Now sir when she comes to speake her part, and said, I *Hippolyta* take thee *Charles*, he began to faint for joy, then saying to my wedded husband, he began to sinke, but then going forth too for better for worse, he could stand no longer, but with very conceit, it seemd, that she whom he tendred as the best of all things, should pronounce the worst, and for his sake too, he suncke downe right, and died soderly: And thus being halfe married, and her halfe husband wholly dead, I hope I may with discretion affirme her, halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe: do ye conceive me Sir?

*Bul.* O Lord Sir, I devoure you quicke; and now Sir I beseech you open unto me your tother Lady, what is shee?

*Will.* Ile answer for her, because I know her Ladieship to be a perfect maide indeed.

*Bul.* How canst thou know that?

*Will.* Passing perfectly I warrant ye.

*Ia.* By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about hir forehead, and slip over her nose?

*Will.* No Sir no, by a rule that will not slip so I warrant you, which for her honours sake I will let slip unto you, gods so *Iacke*, I thinke they have supt.

*Ia.* Bir Lady we have waited well the while.

*Will.* Well though they have lost their attendance, let not us lose our Supper *Iacke*.

*Ia.* I doe not meane it, come Sir you shall goe in, and drinke with us yfaith.

*Bul.* Pardonne moy monsieur.

*both.* No pardonin in truth Sir.

*Bul.* Je vous remercie de bon cœur.

*Exeunt:*

*Enter*

*Sir Gyles Goosecapps:*

*Enter Goosecapps Rude/ by Fowlweather Eugenia  
Hippol. Penelope, Winne.*

*Rud.* A plague on you sweet Ladies, tis not solate,  
what needed you to have made so short a supper:

*Goof.* In truth Sir *Cnt.* we might have tickled the vanity  
ant, an howre longer, if my watch be trustible.

*Fowl.* I but how should theis beauties know that Sir  
*Gyles* ? your watch is mortall, and may erre.

*Go.* Thatssooth Captaine, but doe you heare honest  
friend, pray take a light, and see if the moone shine, I have  
a Sunne Diall will resolve presently.

*Fo.* Howsoever beleieve it Ladies, tis unwholesome, un-  
courtly, unpleasant to eate hastily, and rise sodainly, a  
mancan shew no discourse, no wit, no stirring, no variety,  
no pretty conceits, to make the meate goe downe em-  
phatically.

*Eu. Winnesfred.*

*Win.* Madam.

*Eu.* I prethee goe to my uncle the Lord *Momford*, and  
intreat him to come quicken our Eares with some of his  
pleasant Spirit; This same *Fowlweather* has made me so  
melancholly, prethee make haste.

*Win.* I will Madam.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* We will bid our guests good night Madam, this  
same *Fowlweather* makes me so sleepy.

*Pen.* Fie upon it, for Gods sake shut the Casements,  
heres such a fullsome Aire comes into this Chamber; in  
good faith Madame you must keepe your Honse in bet-  
ter reparations, this same *Fowlweather* beats in so filthily.

*Eng.* Ile take order with the Porter for it Lady, good  
night gentlemen.

*Ru.* Why good night, and be hang'd, and you'l needs  
be gon.

*Goof.* God give you good night Madams, thanke you  
for my good cheere, wee'll tickle the vanity ant no  
longer



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La. to supper at my lodging one of these mornings; and that ere long too, because we are all mortall you know.

*Eu.* Light the Lady *Penelope*, and the Lady *Hippolyta* to their Chambers, good night faire Ladies.

*Hip.* Good night Madam, I wish you may sleepe well after your light supper.

*Eng.* I warrant you Lady I shall never be troubled with dreaming of my *French* Suter. *Exeunt.*

*Ru.* Why how now my *Frenchified* captain *Fowlweather*? by Gods ludd thy Surname is never thought upon here, I perceiue heeres nobody gives thee any commendations

*Fo.* Why this is the untravaill rudnes of our grosse *Eng*leish Ladies now; would any *French* Lady use a man thus thinke ye? be they any way so uncivill, and fulsome? they say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes, I say they lie, and I will die int.

*Rud.* I, doe so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very honorable cause, thy countries generall quarrell right.

*Fowl.* Their smockes quoth you; a my word you shall take them up so whit, and so pure, so sweet, so Emphaticall, so mooving-

*Rud.* I marry Sir, I thinke they be continually moving.

*Fowl.* But if their smockes were Course or foule.

*Rud.* Nay I warrant thee thou carest not, so thou wert at them.

*Fowl.* S'dearth they put not all their virtues in their smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

*Rud.* But in their stewd pox, thers all their gentilitie.

*Geof.* Nay good Sir *Curt.* doe not agravate him no more.

*Fowl.* Then are they so kinde, so wise, so familiar, so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shall, have cause to descourse or sometimes to come neerer them; if your breath be ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about

about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye, in kinde sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath, Sir, thus it is with your teeth, Sir, this is your disease, and this is your medicine.

*Goof.* As I am true mortall Knight, it is most superlatively good, this.

*Foul.* Why this is Courtly now, this is sweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of *France*, our pævish dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdainfull, and so subtil, as the *Pomonian* Serpent, more diu the Puncke of *Babylon* was never so subtil.

*Rud.* Nay, doe not chafe so Captaine.

*Foul.* Your *Frenchman* wood ever chafe sir *Curr*, being thus moude.

*Rud.* What? and play with his beard so?

*Foul.* I and brytle, it doth expresse that passion of anger very full, and emphaticall.

*Goof.* Nay good Knight if your *French* wood brytle, let him alone, worth our Ladies are a little too coy, and subtil, Captaine, indeed.

*Foul.* Subtill sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*? I assure your soule, they are as subtil with their sisters, or loves, as the latine Dialect, where the nominative Case, and the Verbe, the Substantive, and the Adjective, the Verbe, and the Verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfect strangers one to another; and you shall hardly find them out, but then learne to Conster, and perse them, and you shall find them prepared and acquainted, and agree together, in Case gender, and number.

*Goof.* I detest sir *Curr*, I did not thinke he had bin halfe the quintessence of a scholler he is.

*Foul.* Slydd there's not one of them truely Emphaticall.

*Goof.* Yes, I'll ensure you Captaine, there are many of them truely Emphaticall: but all your *French* Ladies are not fatt? are they sir?

*Foul.* Fatt fir? why doe ye thinke Emphaticall is fatt.  
fir *Gyles*?

*Rud.* Gods my life, brother Knight, didst thou thinke  
so? hart I know not what it is my selfe, but yet I never  
thought it was fatt, Ile be sworne to thee.

*Foul.* Why if any true Courtly dame had, had but this  
new fashioned sute, to entertaine any thing indifferent-  
ly stuffed, why you should have had her more respectiue  
by farre.

*Rud.* Nay, theres some reason for that Captaine, me  
thinkes a true woman should prepetually doate upon  
a new fashion.

*Foul.* Why y<sup>e</sup> are i<sup>t</sup> thright fir *Cutt.* *In noua fert ani-*  
*mae mutat as dicere formae.* I is the mind of man, and wo-  
man to affect new fashions, but to our Mynsatiues for  
sooth, if he come like to your *Besognio*, or your bore, so  
he be rich, or emphaticall they care not; would I might  
never exell a dutch Skipper in Courtship, if I did not  
put distaste into my carriage of purpose, I knew I should  
not please them. *Lacquay*? *allume le torche.*

*Rud.* Slydd, heres neyther Torch, nor Lacquay, me  
thinks.

*Foul.* O mon dieu.

*Rud.* O doe not sweare Captaine.

*Foul.* Your Frenchman ever sweares, Sir *Cutt*, upon  
the lacke of his Lacquay. I assure you.

*Goof.* See heere he comes, and my Ladies two pages,  
they have bin tickling the vanity ant yfaith.

### SCÆNATERTIA.

*Enter to them Lacke. Bullaker, Will.*

*It.* Captaine Fowleweather, my Lady the Countes  
*Engenia* commends her most kindly to you, and is deter-  
mined to morrow-morning early, if it bea frost, to take  
her Coach to Barnet to be nipt; where if it please you,

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

to meete her, and accompany her homeward, joyning your wit with the frost, and helpe to nip her, She does not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will have a joyfull breakefast.

*Foul.* I shall indeed my deare youth.

*Rud.* Why Capraine I abus'd thee, I see : I said the Ladies respected thee not, and now I perceive the widow is in love with thee.

*Foul.* Sblood, Knight, I knew I had stricke herto to the quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extravagant fashion : I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship upon her, that has hertofore made a lane amongst the *French* Ladies like a Culvering shot, Ile be sworne; and I thinke Sir *Gyles* you saw she fell under it.

*Goof.* O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light :

*Ru.* O good Knight a the post, heele sweare any thing.

*Will.* The other two Ladies commend them no lesse kindly to you two Knights too; & desire your worships wood meete them at Barnet ith morning with the Captaine.

*Foul.* *Goof.* *Rud.* O good Sir.

*Goof.* Our worships shall attend their Ladishipsthetether.

*Ia.* No Sir *Gyles* by no meanes, they will goe privately thether, but if you will meet them there.

*Rud.* Meet them? weele die fort, but weele meet them.

*Foul.* Lets goe thether to night Knights, and you be true Gallants.

*Rud.* Content.

*Ia.* How greedely they take it in, Sirra ?

*Goof.* No it is too farre to goe to night, weele be up betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

*Foul.* Why its but ten miles, and a fine cleere night, sir *Gyles*.

*Goof.* But ten miles ? what doe ye talke Captaine ?

*Rud.* Why ? doost thinke its any more ?

*Goof.* I, Ile lay ten pounds its, more then ten miles, or twelue eyther.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Rud.* What to *Barnet*?

*Goose.* I, to *Barnet*.

*Ru Slidd,* Ile lay a hundred pound with thee, if thou wilt.

*Goof.* Ile lay five hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know: I am sure it was foure yeeres agon ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles grow thinke you, as well as other *Animals*?

*Ia.* O wise Knight!

*Goof.* I never innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of these Ridiculous Fleas, that I was faine to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the Candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

*Foul.* A pretty project.

*Bul.* Intruth Captaine, if I might advise you, you should tarry, and take the morning afore you.

*Foul.* How? *O mon Dieu!* how the villaine *poultronne*, dishonours his travaile! you *Buffonly Mouchrour*, are you so mere rude, and English to advise your Captaine?

*Ru.* Nay, I prethee *Fouleweather*, be not tempesteous with thy poore Lacquay.

*Foul.* Tempesteous, Sir *Cut*? will your *Frenchman*, thinke you, suffer his Lacquay to advise him?

*Go.* O God you must take heed lacquay how you advise your Captaine, your French lacquay would not have done it.

*Foul.* He would have bin poxt first: *Allum: le torche*, sweet Pages commend us to your Ladies, say we kisse their white hands, and will not faile to masee them: Knights, which of you leads?

*Goof.* Not wee sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

*Rud.* Besides, thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine Commendations.

*Foul.*

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Foul.* Why ? what tho I be Captaine Commendations ?

*Rud.* Why, and Captaine Commendations. is harty commendations, for Captaines are harty I am sure, or else hang them.

*Foul.* Why, what if I be harty Commendations, come, come, sweet, Knights lead the way.

*Rud.* O Lord sir, alwayes after my harty Commendations.

*Foul.* Nay then you conquer me with precedent, by the autenticall forme of all iustice letters, *Allown.*

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* Here's a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed, is there not ?

*Will.* I but how will they digest it, thinkest thou when they shall finde out Ladies not there ?

*Ia.* I have a vaunt-carrying devise shall make them digest it most healthfully. *Exeunt.*

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Clarence, Musicians.*

*Cla.* Worke on sweet love, I am not yet resolved  
To exhaust this troubled spring of vanities,  
And Nurse of perturbations, my poore life,  
And therefore since in every man that holds  
This being deare, there must be some desire,  
Whose power to enjoy his object may so maske  
The judging part, that in her radiant eyes  
His estimation of the World may seeme  
Vpright, and worthy, I have chosen love  
To blind my Reason with his misty hands  
And make my estimative power beleeve  
I have a project worthy to imploy  
What worth so ever my whole man affords :

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

then sit at rest my soule, thou now hast found  
the end of thy infusion, in the eyes  
Of thy divine *Eugenia* looke for Heaven.

*Cla.* Thanks gentle friends. *A song to the Violls.*  
Is your good Lord, and mine, gon up to bedd yet?

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* I do assure ye not fir, not yet, nor yet, my deepe,  
and studious friend, not yet muscicall *Clarence*.

*Cla.* My Lord?

*Mom.* Nor yet, thou sole divider of my Lordshippe.

*Cla.* That were a most unfit division,  
And farre above the pitch of my low plumes;  
I am your bold, and constant guest my Lord.

*Mom.* Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long  
Almost these twenty yeeres, and halfe those yeeres  
Hast bin my bed-fellow; long time before  
This unseene thing, this thing of naught indeed,  
Or *Atome* cald, my Lordshippe shind in me,  
And yet thou mak'st thy selfe as little bould  
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age  
And truth of our indissolable love,  
As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday,  
Such is thy gentle, and too tender spirit.

*Cla.* My Lord, my want of Courtship makes me feare  
I should be rude, and this my meane estate  
Meetes with such envie, and detraction,  
Such misconstructions, and resolut misdoomes  
Of my poore worth, that should I be advaunc'd  
Beyond my unseene lowenes, but one haire,  
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits  
That fly in ill-lungd tempests through the world,  
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders  
If she but looke out of the ground of glory.  
Twixt, whom, and me, and every worldy fortune  
There fights such sowre, and curst *Antipathy*,

So



So waspish; and so petulant a Starre,  
That all things tending to my grace or good  
Are ravisht from their object, as I were  
A thing created for a wilderness,  
And must not thinke of any place with men.

*Mom.* O harke you Sir, this waiward moode of yours  
must sifted be, or rather rooted out,  
youle no more musicke Sir?

*Cl.* Not now my Lord.

*Mom.* Begon my masters thento bedd, to bedd.

*Cl.* I thanke you honest friends.

*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Mo.* Hence with this book, & now *Monsieur Clarence*,  
me thinks plaine, & prose friendship would do excellent  
well betwixt us: come thus Sir, or rather thus, come. Sir  
tis time I trowe that we both liv'd like one body, thus,  
and that both our sides were slit, and incorporat  
with *Organs* fit to effect an individuall passage even for  
our very thoughts; suppose we were one body now,  
and I charge you beleeeve it; whereof I am the hart, and  
you the liver.

*Cl.* Your Lordship might well make that division, if  
you knew the plaine song.

*Mo.* O Sir, and why so I pray?

*Cl.* First because the heart, is the more worthy en-  
traile being the first that is borne, and moves, and the  
last that moves, and dies; and then being the Fountaine  
of heate too: for wheresoever our heate does not flow  
directly from the hart to the other *Organs* there, their  
action must of necessity cease, and so without you I nei-  
ther would nor could live.

*Mom.* Well sir, for these reasons I may be the heart,  
why may you be the liver now?

*Cl.* I am more then asham'd, to tell you that my  
Lord.

*Mom.* Nay, nay, be not too suspitious of my judge-  
ment in you I beseech you: asham'd friend? if you  
love

love overcome not that shame, a shame take that love,  
I say.

Come sir, why may you be the liver?

*Cl.* The plaine, and short truth is (my Lord) because  
I am all liver, and turnd lover.

*Mom.* Lover?

*Cl.* Lover ysaith my Lord.

*Mom.* Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for  
joy: why thou wilt not now revive the sociable mirth  
of thy sweet disposition? wilt thou shine in the World a-  
new? and make those that have sleighted thy love, with  
the Austeritie of thy knowledge, dote on thee againe  
with thy commanding shaft of their humours?

*Cl.* Alas my Lord they are all farre out of my aime;  
and only to fit my selfe a little better to your friend-  
shippe, have I given these wilfull raynes to my affe-  
ctions.

*Mom.* And ysaith is my sower friend to all worldly  
desires ouer taken with the hart of the World, Love? I  
shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees every  
way a most rare woman, that I know thy spirit, & judge-  
ment hath chosen, is she wise? is she noble? is she capa-  
ble of thy vertues? will she kisse this forehead with judi-  
ciall lipps? where so much judgement, & vertue deserves  
it? Come brother Twin, be short, I charge you, and name  
me the woman.

*Cl.* Since your Lordship will shorten the length of  
my follies relation, the woman that I so passionately  
love, is no worse Lady then your owne Neece, the too  
worthy Countesse *Eugenia*.

*Mom.* Why so, so, so, you are a worthy friend, are  
you not, to conceale this love-mine in your head, and  
would not open it to your hart? now beshrow my hart,  
if my hart danse not for joy, tho my heeles do not,  
and they doe not, because I will not set that at my  
heelles that my friend sets at his heart? friend, and  
Nephews both? nephew is a far inferior title to friend

I confesse, but I will preferre thee backwards (as many friends doe) and leave their friends woorse then they found them.

*Cl.* But my noble *Lo.* it is almost a prodigy, that I being onely a poore Gentleman, and farre short of that state, and wealth that a Lady of her greatnes in both will expect in her husband.

*Mom.* Hold thy doubt friend, never feare any woman, unlesse thy selfe be made of straw, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning. *Audacitie* prospers above probability in all Worldly matters. Dost not thou know that Fortune governes them without order, and therefore reason the mother of order is none of her counsaile: why should a man desiring to aspire an unreasonable creature, which is a woman, seeke her fruition by reasonable meanes? because thy selfe binds upon reason, wilt thou looke for congruity in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongst one thousand, but will speake false *Latine*, and breake *Priscians* head. Attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of, and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing. I tell thee friend the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely witch-craft of this VVorld, Spirits wrastring with spirits as bodies with bodies: this were enough to make thee hope well, if she were one of these painted communities, that are ravisht with Coaches, and upper hands, and brave men of durt: but thou knowest friend shees a good scholler, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason evermore *Ad optima horrar*: to like that which is best, not that which is bravest, or rightest, or greatest, and so consequently worst. But prove what shee can, wee will turne her, and winde her, and make her so plyant, that we will drawe her thorough a wedding ring yfaith.

*Cl.* Would to god we might my Lord.

*Mom.* He warrant thee friend.

D

*Enter*

*Sir Giles Goose-cappe.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Here is Mistris *Winnifred*; for my Lady *Eugenia* desires to speake with your Lordship.

*Mom.* Marry enter Mistris *Winnifred* even here I pray thee, from the Lady *Eugenia*, doe you beare friends?

*Cl.* Very easily on that side my Lord.

*Mom.* Let me feele. does not thy heart pant apace? by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours sir God, and upon a very honourable composition, I am sent for now I am sure, and must even trusse, and to her.

*Enter Winnifred.*

Witty Mistris *Winnifred*, nay come neere woman. I am sure this Gentleman thinks his Chamber the sweeter for your deare presence.

*Win.* My absence shall thanke him my Lord.

*Mom.* What rude? Mistris *Winnifred*? nay faith you shall come to him, and kisse him, for his kindenesse.

*Win.* Nay good my Lord, I'll never goe to the market for that ware, I can have it brought home to my Dore.

*Mom.* O *Winnifred*, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

*Win.* So you may my Lord, but I know few Lords that thinke scorne to go to that market themselves.

*Mom.* To goe to it *Winnifred*? nay to ride to it yfaith.

*Win.* That's more then I know my Lord.

*Mom.* Youle not beleeve it till you are then a horse-backe, will ye? (you heare it?)

*Win.* Come, come, I am sent of a message to you, will

*Mom.* Stoppe, stoppe faire *Winnifred*, would you have audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman sir.

*Win.* Now we shall have a fiction I beleeve.

*Mom.* Had three Suters at once.

*Win.*

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Win.* Youle leave out none my Lord.

*Mom.* No more did you *Winnifred*: you enterferde with them all in truth.

*Win.* O Monstrous Lord by this light !

*Mom.* Now sir to make my tale short I will doe that which she did not ; vz. leave out the two first, the third comming the third night. for his turne.

*Win.* My Lord , my lord , my Lady does that , that no body else does, desires your company, and so fare you well.

*Mom.* O stay a little sweet *Winnifred*, helpe me but to trusse my Poynts againe, and have with you.

*Win.* Not I by my truth my Lord , I had rather see your hose about your heeles , then I would helpe you to trusse a poynt.

*Mom.* O witty *Winnifred* ? for that jest, take thy passport, and tell thy Ladies, thou lefist me with my hose about my heeles.

*Win.* Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse grow about your heeles, ere I come at you againe. *Exit.*

*Mom.* She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters ; but is not this very fit my sweet *Clarence* ? Thou seest my rare Neece cannot sleepe without me ; but for thy company sake, she shall to night; and in the morning I will visit her earely ; when doe thou but stand in that place, and thou maiest chance heare (but art sure to see) in what subtil, and farre-fetcht manner Ile sollicite her about thee.

*Cl.* Thank's worthy Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACTVS SECVNDI SCENA PRIMA.

*Clarence Solus.*

*Cl.* I That have studied with world-skorning thoughts  
D 2 the

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

the way of Heaven, and how tiew Heaven is reacht  
To know how mighty, and how many are  
The strange affections of enchanted number,  
How to distinguish all the motions  
Of the Celestiall bodies, and what power  
Doth separate in such forme this massie Rownd,  
What is his Essence, Efficacies, Beames,  
Foot-steps, and Shadowes? what Eternities is  
The World, and Time, and Generation?  
What Soule, the worlds Soule is? what the blacke  
And unreveald Originall of Things, (Springs  
What their perseverance? what's life, and death,  
And what our certaine Restauration;  
Am with the staid-heads of this Time employ'd  
To watch withall my Nerves a Female shade.

*Enter Winnifred, Anabell, with their sewing workes  
and sing: After their song Enter  
Lord Momford.*

*Mom.* Witty Mistresse Winnifred, where is your  
Countesse, I pray?

*Win.* Faith your Lordship is bould enough to seeke  
her out, if she were at her urinall?

*Mom.* Then Sh's done it seemes, for here she comes  
to save me that labour, away wenches, get you hence  
wenches.

*Exeunt.*

*Eu.* What, can you not abide my maides unkle?

*Mom.* I never cood abide a maide in my life Neece, but  
either I draw away the maide, or the maidenhead with a  
wet finger.

*Eng.* You love to make your selfe worse then  
you are still.

*Mom.* I know few mend in this VVorld Madam, For  
the worse the better thought on, the better the worse  
spoken on ever amongst women.

*Eu.*

*Eu.* I wonder where you have bin all this while with your sentences.

*Mom.* Faith where I must be againe presently. I cannot stay long with you my deere Neece.

*Eu.* By my faith but you shall my Lord, gods pittie what will become of you shortly, that you drive maids afore you, & offer to leave widowes behind you as man-kindelie, as if you had taken a surfet of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomacke?

*Mom.* Gods my life, she abuses her best unkle; never trust me if it were not a good revenge to helpe her to the losse of her wodow-head.

*Eu.* That were a revenge, and a halfe, indeed.

*Mom.* Nay twere but a whole revenge. Neece, but such a revenge as would more then observe the true rule of a revenger.

*Eu.* I know your rule before you utter it, *Elle scire inimico sed sine tuo incommodo.*

*Mom.* O rare Neece, you may see, what tis to be a scholler now, learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or luster in Diamants, which in no other Stone is so rich or refulgent.

*Eng.* But say deere Vnckle how could you finde in your heart to stay so long from me?

*Mom.* Why Alas Neece, y<sup>e</sup> are so smeard with this willfull-widdows-three-yeeres blacke, weede, that I never come to you, but I dreame of Coarles, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore adew deere Neece.

*Eng.* Beshrew my heart my Lord, if you goe theis three houres.

*Mom.* Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her Chamber) with any Lady so neere alide to me, I am very idie y<sup>e</sup>faith, mary with such an other; I would daunce, one, two, three, foure, and five, tho it cost me ten shillings; and now I am in, have at it, my head must devise something while my feet



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

are pidling thus, that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend, who indeed is onely a great scholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his minde.

*Eu.* Come, come, pray tell me uncle, how does my cosen *Momford*?

*Mom.* Why, well, very well Neece, and so is my friend *Clarence* well too, and then is there a worthy gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye.

*Eng.* But when did you see my Cosen?

*Mom.* And tis pittie, but he should do well, and he shall be well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

*Eng.* What meanes he by this tro yee, your Lo. is very danstive me thinkes.

*Mom.* I, and I could tell you a thing would make your Ladiship very danstive, or else it were very dunsfative yfaith. O how the skipping of this Christmas blocke of ours moves the block-head heart of a woman, & indeed any thing that pleaseth the foolish eye which presently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the minde.

*Eng.* But I pray tell me my Lo. could you tell me of a thing would make me danse say you?

*Mom.* Well, farewell sweet Neece, I must needs take my leave in earnest.

*Eu.* Lord blesse us, heres such a stir with your farewels

*Mom.* I will see you againe within these two or three dayes a my word Neece.

*Eng.* Cods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a maruallous strange humor. Sit downe sweet Vnckle, yfaith I have to talke with you about greate matters.

*Mom.* Say then deere Neece, be short utter your minde quickly now.

*Eng.* But I pray tell me first, what's that would make me danse yfaith?

*Mom.* Danse, what danse? hetharto your danfers legges bow for-sooth, and Caper, and jerke, and Firke;

Firke, and dandle the body above them, as it were their great childe, though the speciall jerker be about this place I hope, here lies that shud fetch a perfect woman over the Coles yfaith.

*Eng.* Nay good Vnckle say what's the thing you could tell me of?

*Mom.* No matter, no matter: But let me see a passing prosperous fore-head of an exceeding happy distance betwixt the eye browes; a cleare lightning eye; a temperate, and fresh bloud in both the cheekes: excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

*Eng.* Why, how now Vnckle did you never see me before?

*Mom.* Yes Neece; but the state of these things at this instant must be specially observed, and these outward signes being now in this cleere elevation, show your untroubled minde is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a little deere Neece.

*Eng.* This is excellent.

*Mom.* The Crises here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little apenes of it to sticke out; good. And the wart above it most exceeding good. Never trust me, if all things be not answerable to the prediction of a most Divine fortune towards her; now if she have the grace to apprehend it in the nickle; thers all.

*Eng.* Well my Lord, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discovery, you may much pleasure me, and whose concealement may hurt my estate. And if you be no kinder then to see me so indangered; ile be very patient of it, I assure you.

*Mom.* Nay then it must instantly forth. This kinde conjuration even fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your judgment together, for here it comes. Neece; *Clarence Clarence*, rather my soule then my frie*d* *Clarence* of too substantiall a worth, to have any figures cast about

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

bout him ( notwithstanding ; no other woman with Empires could stire his affections ) is with your vertues most extremely in love ; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the World of you both.

*Non illa melior quisquam, nec amantior aque  
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior ulla Deorum.*

*Eng.* Ay me poore Dame, O you amase me Vncle, Is this the wondrous fortune you presage ? What man may miserable women trust ?

*Mom.* O peace good Lady, I come not to ravish you to any thing, But now I see how you accept my motion : I perceive (how upon true triall) you esteeme me, Have I rid all this Circuit to levie the powers of your Iudgment, that I might not prove their strength too sodainly with so violent a charge ; And do they fight it out in white bloud, and show me their hearts in the soft Christall of teares ?

*Eng.* O uncle you have wounded your selfe in charging me that I should shun Iudgement as a monster, if it would not weepe ; I place the poore felicity of this World in a woorthy friend, and to see him so unworthily revolted, I shed not the teares of my Brayne, but the teares of my soule. And if ever nature made teares the effects of any worthy cause, I am sure I now shed them worthily.

*Mom.* Her sensuall powers are up ysaith, I have thrust her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes vacans* when her subjects are priviledged to libell against her, and her friends. But weeps my kinde Neece for the wounds of my friendship ? And I toucht in friendship for wishing my friend doubled in her singular happiness ?

*Eng.* How am I doubl'd ; when my honour, and good name

name, two essentiall parts of me ; would be lesse, and losse?

*Mom.* In whose judgment ?

*Eng.* In the judgment of the World.

*Mom.* Which is a fooles bout. *Nihil a virtute nec a veritate remotum, quam vulgaris opinio:* But my deare Neece, it is most true that your honour, and good name tendred, as they are the species of truth, are worthily two essentiall parts of you ; But as they consist only in ayrie titles, and corruptible bloud ( whose bitternes *sanitas & non nobilitas efficit*) and care not how many base, and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more then they touch eternity. And yet shall no nobility you have in eyther, be impaired neyther.

*Eng.* Not to marry a poore Gentleman ?

*Mom.* Respect him not so ; for as he is a Gentleman he is noble ; as he is wealthily furnished with true knowledge, he is rich, and therein adorn'd with the exactest complements belonging to everlasting noblenesse.

*Eng.* Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke: Such kinde of noblenesse gives no coates of honour, nor can scarce get a coate for necessity.

*Mom.* Then is it not substantiall knowledge (as it is in him) but verball, and fantastickall for *Omnia in illa ille complexu tenet.*

*Eng.* Why seekes he me then ?

*Mom.* To make you joynt partners with him in all things, and there is but a litle partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that universall joynture: The bignesse of this circle held too neere our eye keeps it from the whole Spheare of the Sun, but could we sustaine it indifferently betwixt us, and it would then without checke of one beame, appeare in his fulnes.

*Eng.* Good Vnkle be content, for now shall I never dreame so contentment.

*Mom.* I have more then done Lady, and had rather have suffer'd an alteration of my being, then of your judgment ;

*Sir Giles Goose-cappe.*

Judgment ; but ( deere Neece ) for your own honours  
take repaire instantly.

*Enter Hippolyta, Penelope-Jacks. Will.*

See heere comes the Ladies ; make an A-  
prill day, on deare love , and bee sodainly cheere-  
full. God save you more then faire Ladies , I am glad  
your come , for my busines will have me gone pre-  
sently.

*Hip.* Why my Lord *Momford* I say? will you goe be-  
fore Dinner ?

*Mom.* No remedy, sweet Beauties , for which  
rudnesse I lay my hands thus low for your pardons.

*Pen.* O Courteous Lo. *Momford* !

*Mom.* Neece? ——— *Mens est qua sola quietor,  
Sola facit claros, mentemque honoribus ornat. Exit.*

*Eng.* *Venus honos iuvat, at mendax infamia terret.*

*Mom.* Mine owne deare nephew ?

*Cl.* What successe my Lord ?

*Mom.* Excellent ; excellent ; come Ile tell thee  
all. *Exeunt.*

*Hip.* Doe you heare Madam, how our youtnes here  
have guld our three Suiters ?

*Eng.* Now I Lady, I hope our suiters are no fit meat  
for our Pages.

*Pe.* No Madam, but they are fit sawce for any  
mans meat, Ile warrent them.

*Eng.* What's the matter *Hippolyta* ?

*Hip.* They have sent the Knights to *Barner*, Madam,  
this frosty morning to meet us there.

*Eng.* If true youths, are Knights fit subjects for your  
knaveries ?

*Will.* Pray pardon us Madam, we would be glad to  
please any body.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Ia.* I indeed, Madam, and we were sure we pleased them highly, to tell them you were desirous of their company.

*Hip.* O t'was good *Eugenia*, their livers were too hot, you know, and for tempers sake they must needs have a cooling carde, plaid upon them.

*Wil.* And besides Madam we wood have them know that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe then two leaves, have more learning in them then is in all their three volumnes.

*Ia.* I yfaith *Will*, and put their great pagicall index to them too.

*Hip.* But how will ye excuse your abuses wags?

*Wil.* We doubt not Madam, but if it please your Lardship to put up their abuses.

*Ia.* Trusting they are not so deere to you, but you may.

*Wil.* We shall make them gladly furnish their pockets with them.

*Hip.* Well, children, and fowles, agree as you will, and let the World know now, women have nothing to doe with you.

*Pe.* Come, Madam, I thinke your Dinner be almost ready.

*Enter Tales, Kingcob.*

*Hip.* And see, here are two honourable guests for you, the Lord *Tales*, and sir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

*Ta.* Lacke you any guests Madam?

*Eu.* I my Lo. such guests as you.

*Hip.* Theres as common an answer, as yours was a question my Lord.

*King.* Why? all things hood be common betwixt Lords, and Ladies, you know.

*Pen.* Indeed sir *Cutberd Kingcob*, I have heard, you are either of the family of *Love*, or of no religion at all.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Eug.* He may well be said to be of the family of love, he does so flow in the loves of poore overthrowne Ladies.

*King.* You speake of that I wood doe Madam, but in earnest, I am now suing for a new Mistres; looke in my hand sweet Lady, and tell me what fortune I shall have with her.

*Eug.* Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

*King.* Pardon me Madam, but I know you to be learned in all things.

*Eug.* Come on, lets see.

*Hip.* He does you a speciall favour Lady, to give you his open hand, for tis commonly shut they say.

*King.* What find you in it Madam?

*Eug.* Shut it now, and ile tell yee.

*King.* What now Lady?

*Eug.* Y'ave the worst hand that ever I saw Knight have, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis shut one can get nothing out ont.

*King.* The age of letting goe is past, Madam; we must not now let goe, but strike up mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

*Eug.* A good Cornish principle beleewe it sir *Cutberd*.

*Tales.* But I pray tell me Lady *Penelope*, how entertaine you the love of my Cousen sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*.

*Pen.* Are the *Goose-cappes* a kin to you my Lord?

*Ta.* Even in the first degree Madam. And Sir *Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is compos'd of as many good parts as any Knight in England.

*Hip.* He shoud be put up for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.

*Pen.* Are you able to reckon his good parts my Lord?

*Ta.* Ile doe the best I can Lady, first, he dances as comely, and lightly as any man, for upon my honour, I have seene him danse upon Egges, and a has not broken them.

*Pen.* Nor crackt them neyther.

*Ta*



*Sir Gyles Goose-lappe.*

*Ta.* That I know not, indeed I woud be loath, to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake more then I know by him.

*Eng.* Well forth my Lord.

*Ta.* He has an excellent skill in all manner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloves from forty pence, to forty shillings a paire, he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

*Hip.* A pretty sweet quality beleeve me.

*Tales.* Nay Lady he will perfume you gloves him selfe most delicately, and give them the right Spanish Titillation.

*Pene.* Titillation what's that my Lord?

*Tal.* Why, Lady, tis a pretty kinde of terme new come up in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

*Hip.* Very well expounded my Lo; forth with your kinsmans parts I pray.

*Tal.* He is the best Sempster of any woman in England, and will worke you needle-worke-edgings, and French Purles, from an Angell to foure Angells a yarde.

*Eng.* That's pretious ware indeed.

*Tal.* He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grew in the very place, and being a delicate perfumer, he will give it you his perfect, and naturall favour.

*Hip.* This is wonderfull; forth sweet Lo. *Tales.*

*Tal.* He will make you flies, and wormes, of all sorts most lively, and is now working a whole bed embroidred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lights a has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the Chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

*Pene.* Never trust me, if it be not incredible; forth my good Lord.

*Tal.* He is a most excellent Turner, and will turne you wassel-bowles, and posset Cuppes caru'd with lib-

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

berds faces, and Lyons heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

*Eug.* Forth good Lord Tales.

*Pene.* Nay good my Lord no more, you have spoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.

*Hip.* I lay my life *Cupid* has shot my sister in love with him out of your lips my Lord.

*Eug.* Well, come in my Lords, and take a bad Dinner with me now, and we will all goe with you at night to a better supper with the Lo. and Lady *Furnisfall*.

*King. Tale.* We attend you honourable Ladies.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS TERTII SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Rudeſby, Goose-cappe.*

*Rud. Bullaker.*

*Bul.* I Sir.

*Rud.* Ride, and catch the Captaines Horse.

*Bul.* So I doe Sir.

*Rud.* I wonder, Sir *Gyles*, you wood let him goe so, and not ride after him.

*Ooſ.* Wood I might never be mortall sir *Cut.* if I rid not after him, till my horse sweat, so that he had nere a dry thread on him, and hollod, and hollod to him to stay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood have gon off with hollowings; he be sworne to yee, & yet he ran his way like a *Diogenes*, and would never stay-for us.

*Rud.* How shall we doe to get the lame Captaineto London, now his horse is gone?

*Goſ.* Why? he is but a lame jad neyther Sir *Mayle*, we shall soone ourtake him I warrent ye.

*Rud.* And yet thou saist thou gallopst after him as fast as thou coodst, and coodst not Catch him; I lay my

my life some Crabfish has bitten thee by the tongne  
thou speakest so backward still.

*Goof.* But heres all the doubt sir *Cutt.* if no body shoold catch him now, when he comes at London, some boy or other wood get up on him, and ride him hot into the water to wash him; He bee sworne I followed one that rid my Horse into the Thames, till I was up tooth knees hethereto; and if it had not beene for feare of going over shoos, because I am troubled with the rheume, I wood have taught him to wash my Horse when he was hot yfaith.

*Enter Fowleweather.*

How now sweet Captaine, dost feele any ease in thy paine yet?

*Rud.* Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele ease in paine, I thinke, but wood any asle in the World ride downe such a Hill as High-gate is, in such a frost as this, and never light.

*Fowl.* Gods precious sir *Cutt.* your *Frenchman* never lights I tell ye.

*Goof.* Light sir *Cutt.* Slight, and I had my horse againe, theres nere a paltry English frost an them all shoold make me light?

*Rud.* Goe too you *French Zanies* you, you will follow the *French* steps so long, till you be not able to set one sound stepperoth ground all the daies of your life.

*Goof.* Why sir *Cut.* I care not if I be not sound, so I be well, but we were justly plagu'd by this Hill, for following women thus.

*Fowl.* I, and English women too, sir *Gyles.*

*Rud.* Thou art still prating against English women, I have seene none of the *French Dames*, I confesse, but your greatest gallants, for men in *France*, were here lately, I am sure, and me thinks there should be no more difference

difference betwixt our Ladies, and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lords, and theirs, and our Lords are as far beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtship, as they are beyond ours for phantasticality.

*Foul.* O Lord sir *Cnr.* I am sure our Ladies hold our Lords tacked for Courtship, and yet the *French* Lords put them downe, you noted it sir *Gyles.*

*Goof.* O God sir, I stud, and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

*Rud.* How did they put them downe, I pray thee?

*Foul.* VVhy for wit, and for Court-ship Sir *Moile.*

*Foul.* As how good left-handed *Francois.*

*Foul.* Why Sir when *Monsieur Lambois* came to your mistris the Lady *Hippolyta* as she sate in the presence, sit downe here good Sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*, he kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a most quaint *French* start in his speech of ah *belhissime*, I desire to die now saies he for your love that I might be buried here.

*Rud.* A good pickt-hatch complement, by my faith; but I prethee what answer'd she.

*Foul.* She. I scorne to note that, I hope then did he vie it againe with an other hah.

*Rud.* That washah, hah, I wood have put the third hah to it, if I had beene as my Mistris, and hah, hah, haht him out of the presence yfaith.

*Foul.* Hah saies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a million they were in *France*, they wood renew all our civill-wars againe.

*Goof.* That was not so good methinkes Capitaine.

*Rud.* Well, iudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that, I must confesse, but she put him downe far, & answered him with a question, & that was whether he wood seeme a lover, or a jester: if a lover, he must tell her far more lykelier then those, or else she was far from beleewing them, if a jester, she cood have much more ridiculous jests then his of twenty fooles, that followed the Court,

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

Court, and told him she ha as lieve be courted with a brush faggot as with a French man, that spent it selfe all in sparkes, and would sooner fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such sparkes were good enough yet to set thacht dispositiuns a fire, but hers was tild with sleight, and respected them as sleightly.

*Goof.* Why so Captaine, and yet you talke of your great Frenchmen, to God little England had never knowne them I may say.

*Foul.* What's the matter sir *Gyles*? are you out of love with Frenchmen now of a sodaine?

*Goof.* Slydd Captaine, Wood not make one, Ile hee sworne. Ile bee sworne, they tooke away a mastie Dogge of mine by commission now, I thinke on't, makes my teares stand in my eyes with grieve, I had rather lost the dearest friend that ever I lay withall, in my life, be this light, never stir if he fought not with great *Sekerson* foure hours to one, foremost take up hindmost, and tooke so many loaves from him, that he sterud him presently: So at last the dog cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the beare being havy with hunger you know, fell upon the Dogge, broke his backe, and the Dogge never stird more.

*Rud.* Why thou saist the French men tooke him away.

*Goof.* Frenchmen, I, so they did too, but yet, and he had not bin kild, twood nere a greevd me.

*Foul.* O excellent unity of speech.

*Enter Will, and Iacke as seucrall Doores*

*Will.* Save ye Knights.

*Ia.* Save you Captaine.

*Foul.* Pages, welcome my fine Pages.

*Rud.* VVelcome boyes.

*Goof.* VVelcome sweet *Will*, good *Iacke*.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Foul.* But how chance you are so farre from London now pages ? is it almost Dinner time ?

*Wil.* Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for once, and cood not chuse in pure love to your worships, but we must needs come, and meet you, before you meet our Ladies, to tell you a secret.

*Omnes.* A secret, what secret I pray thee ?

*Ia.* If ever your worships say any thing, we are undone for ever.

*Omnes.* Not for a World beleewe it.

*Will.* Why then this it is ; we over-heard our Ladies as they were talking in private say, they refus'd to meet you at *Barnet* this morning of purpose, because they wood try which of you were most patient.

*Ia.* And some said you, *Sir Gyles*, another you Sir. and the third you Captaine.

*Om.* This was excellent.

*Wil.* Then did they sweare one another not to excuse themselves to you by any meanes, that they might try you the better, now if they shall see you say nothing in the World to them what may come of it, when Ladies begin to try their suters once, I hope your wisedomes can judge a little.

*Foul.* O ho, my little knave, let us alone now yfaith, wood I might be Casheird, if I say any thing.

*Rud.* Faith, and I can forbear my Tongue as well as another, I hope.

*Goof.* Wood I might be degraded, if I speake a word, Ile tell them I care not for loosing my labour.

*Foul.* Come Knights shall wee not reward the Pages ?

*Rud.* Yes I prethee doe, sir *Gyles* give the boyes something.

*Goof.* Never stirre sir *Cur.* if I have ever a goat about me but one three pence.

*Foul.* VVell Knights ile lay out fors all, here  
my

my fine Pages.

*Wil.* No in deed ant please your worship.

*Foul.* O Pages refuse a Gentlemans bounty ?

*Ia.* Cry you mercy Sir, thanke you sweet Capitaine.

*Foul.* And what other newes is stirring my fine villiacos.

*Wil.* Marry Sir, they are invited to a great supper to night to your Lords house, Capitaine, the Lord *Furnifall*, and there will be your great cosen Sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*, the Lo. *Tales*, and your Vnckle Sir *Cut. Rudesby*, Sir *Cutbert Kingcob*.

*Foul.* The Lo. *Tales*, what countriman is he ?

*Ia.* A kentish Lo. sir, his ancestors came forth off *Canterbury*.

*Foul.* Out of *Canterbury*.

*Wil.* Indeed, Sir, the best *Tales* in England are your *Canterbury Tales*, I assure ye.

*Rud.* The boy tels thee true Capitaine.

*Ia.* He writes his name Sir, *Tales*, and he being the tenth sonne his Father had ; his Father Christened him *Decem Tales*, and so his whole name is the Lord *Decem Tales*.

*Goof.* A my mortality the boy knowes more then I doe of our house.

*Rud.* But is the La. *Furnifall* ( Capitaine ) still of the same drinking humor she was wont to be ?

*Foul.* Still of the same, Knight, and is never in any sociable veine till she be typsie, for in her sobriety she is madd, and feares my good little old Lo. out of all proportion.

*King.* And therefore, as I heare, he will earnestly invite guests to his house, of purpose to make his wife dronke, and then dotes on her humour most prophanelly.

*Foul.* Tis very true Knight ; we will suppe with them to night ; and you shall see her ; and now I thinke ont, ile tell you a thing Knights, wherein perhaps you

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

may exceedingly pleasure me.

*Goof.* VVhat's that good Captaine?

*Foul.* I am desirous to helpe my Lord to a good merry Foole, & I cood helpe him to a good merry one, he might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

*Rud.* Sbloud thou speakest to us as if we cood serue thy turne.

*Foul.* O *France* Sir *Cut.* your Frenchman wood not have taken me so, for a world, but because Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merry.

*Rud.* As thou doest.

*Goof.* Nay good sir *Cut.* you know fooles doe come into your companies.

*Rud.* I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

*Foul.* Beare off with Choller Sir *Gyles.*

*Wil.* But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole so faine Sir?

*Foul.* I my good page exceeding faine.

*Ia.* You meane a wench, do you not Sir, a foolish wench?

*Foul.* Nay I wood have a man foole, for his Lord, Page.

*Wil.* Does his Lo. love a foole, so well I pray?

*Foul.* Assure thy selfe page, my Lord loves a foole, as he loves himselfe,

*Ia.* Of what degree wood you have your Foole Sir? for you may have of all manner of degrees.

*Foul.* Faith, I wood have him a good Emphaticall Foole, one that wood make my Lord laugh well, and I carde no I.

*Wil.* Laugh well (um) then we must know this sir, is your Lord costive of laughter, or laxative of laughter?

*Foul.* Nay he is a good merry little Lord, and indeed sometimes Laxative of Laughter.

*Wil.* Why then sir the lesse wit wilt serue his Lordships



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

ships tume, marry if he had bin coſtive of laughte he muſt have had two or three drams of wit the more in his foole, for we muſt miniſter according to the quantity of his Lord-humor, you know, and if he ſhould have as much wit in his foole being laxative of laughter, as if he were coſtive of Laughter, why he might laugh himſelfe into an *Epilepſie*, and fall downe dead ſodainly, as many have done with the extremity of that paſſion; and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a Foole.

*Foul.* That ith right my notable good page.

*Ia.* VVhy, and for that health, ſir, we will warrant his Lordſhip, that if he ſhould have all *Bacon de ſanitate tuenda* read to him, it ſhould not pleaſe his Lordſhip ſo well as our Foole ſhall.

*Foul.* Remercy my more then Engliſh pages.

*Goof.* A my word I have not ſeene pages have ſo much wit, that have never bin in *France* Captaine.

*Foul.* Tiſ true indeed Sir *Gyles*, well then my almoſt french Elixers will you helpe my Lord to a Foole ſo fit for him as you ſay.

*Wil.* As fit, Ile warrant you Captaine, as if he were made for him, and he ſhall come this night to ſupper, and foole where his Lord ſits at table.

*Foul.* Excellent fit, faile not now my ſweet pages.

*Ia.* Not for a world, ſir, we will goe both, and ſeek him preſently.

*Foul.* Doe ſo my good waggies.

*Wil.* Save you Knights.

*Ia.* Save you Captaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Foul.* Farewell my pretty knaves, come Knights, ſhall we reſolve to goe to this Supper?

*Rud.* VVhat elſe?

*Goof.* And let's provide torches for our men to ſit at dore withall, Captaine.

*Foul.* That we will, I warrent you ſir *Gyles*:

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Rud.* Torches ? why the Moone will shine man.

*Goof.* The Moone sir *Cut* : I scorn the Moone yfaith, Slydd sometimes a man shall not get her to shine, & if he wood give her a couple of Capons, and one of them must be whit too, God forgive me, I cud never abide her since yesterday, she seru'd me such a trick tother night.

*Rud.* VVhy trick sir *Gyles* ?

*Goof.* VVhy sir *Cut*. cause the daies be mortall, and short now you know, and I love daie light well ; I thought it went away faster then it needed, and run after it into *Finsbury*-fieldesith calme evening to see the wind-Mils goe ; and even as I was going over a Ditch the Moone by this light of purpose runnes me behind a Cloud, and lets me fall into the Ditch by Heaven.

*Rud.* That was ill done in her, in deed sir *Gyles*.

*Goof.* Ill done sir *Cut* ? Slydd a man may beare, and beare, but, and she have noe more good manners, but to make every blacke slovenly Cloud a pearle in her eye I shall nere love English Moone againe, while I live, Ile be sworne to ye.

*Foul.* Come Knights to London Horse, Horse, Horse.

*Rud.* In what a case he is with the poore English Moone, because the *French* Moones (their Torches) will be the lesse in fashion, and I warrent you the Captaine will remember it too, tho he say nothing, he seconds his resolute chafe so, and follows him, Ile lay my life you shall see them the next cold night, shut the Moone shine out of their Chambers, and make it lie without Doores all night. I diseredir my wit with their company, now I thinke on't, plague a god on them ; Ile fall a beating on them presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Enter Lord Momford, and Clarence.  
Clarence, Horatio.*

*Cl.* Sing good *Horatio*, while I sigh, and write.  
According to my master *Platos* minde,  
The soule is musicke, and doth therefore joy  
In accents musicall, which he that hates  
With points of discord is together tyed,  
And barks at *Reason*, Consonant in sense  
Divine *Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme  
Of musicke, and of *Reason*, and presents  
The soule exempt from flesh in flesh inflam'd;  
Who must not love her then, that loves his soule?  
To her I write, my friend, the state of friends  
Will needs have my strange lines greet her strange eies  
And for her sake ile power my poore Soule forth  
In floods of inke, but did not his kinde hand  
Barre me with violent grace, I wood consume.  
In the white flames of her impassionate love,  
Ere my harsh lipps shood vent the odorous blaze.  
For I am desperate of all worldly joyes,  
And there was never man so harsh to men,  
When I am fullest of digested life,  
I seeme a livelesse *Embrion* to all  
Each day rackt up in night-like Funerall.  
Sing good *Horatio*, whilst I sigh, and write.

*Canto.*

*The Letter.*

*Suffer him to love that suffers not loving, my love is  
without passion, and therefore free from alteration.*

*Prose is too harsh, and Verse is Poetry  
why shood I write, then ? merry clad in inke*

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

is but a manner, and as good as naked.  
I will not writ, our my friend shall speake for me.  
Sing one stave more my good *Horatio*.

*Canio*

I must remember I know whom I love,  
a dame of learning, and of life exempt  
from all the idle fancies of her Sex,  
and this that to an other dame wood seeme  
perplext, and fouled in a rudelesse vaile  
will be more cleere then ballads to her eye.  
He writ, but if to sauisfie my friend.  
your third stance sweet *Horatio*, and no more.

*Canio.*

How yainele doe I offer my strange love ?  
I marry, and bid states, and entertaine  
Ladies with tales, and jests, and Lords with newes,  
and keepe a House to feast *Atheons* hounds  
that eate their Master, and let idle guests  
draw me from serious search of things divine ?  
to bid them sit, and welcome, and take care  
to sooth their pallats with choyce kitchen-stuff,  
as all must doe that marry, and keepe House,  
and then looke on the left side of my yoke  
or on the right perhaps, and see my wife  
Drawe in a quite repugnant course from me  
busied to starch her French purles, and her puffs,  
when I am in my *Anima reflexa*  
*quid est falsitas ? que origo verum ?*  
and make these beings that are knowne to be  
the onely serious object of true men  
seeme shadows, with substantiall stir she keeps  
about her shadows, which if husbands love  
They must beleieve, and thus my other selfe  
Brings me another body to dispose,  
That have already much too much of one,  
And must not looke for any Soule of her

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

To helpe to rule two bodies.

*Mom.* Fie for shame.

I never heard of such an antheame.

Doe women bring no helpe of soules to men?

Why, friend, they eyther are mens soules themselves,

Or the most witty imitatrixes of them;

Or prettiest sweet apes of humane Soules,

That ever Nature fram'd; as I will prove.

For first they be *Substantia lucida*,

And purer then mens bodies like their soules.

Which mens harsh haire both of their brest, & chinne

Occasioned by their grosse, and ruder heate

Plainely demonstrats: Then like soules they doe,

*Movere corpora*; for no power on Earth

Moves a mans body, as a woman does.

Then doe they *Dare formam corpori*,

Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:

For but for women, who wood care for formes?

I vow I never wood wash face, nor hands,

Nor care how ragg'd, or slovenly I went,

We'r not for women, who of all mens pompes

Are the true finall causes: Then they make

Men in their Seedes immortall, like their soules,

That els wood perish in a spanne of time.

Oh! they be soule-like-creatures, and my Neece

The soule of twenty rare soules stil'd in one.

*Cla.* That, that it is my Lord, that makes me love.

*Mom.* Oh are ye come sir, welcome to my Neece,

As I may say, at midnight, gentle friend,

What have you wrot I pray?

*Cla.* Strange stufte my Lord.

*Mom.* Indeed the way to beleeve is to love

And the right way to love is to beleeve,

This I will carry now with pen, and incke,

For her to use in answer, see, sweet friend,

She shall not stay to call, but while the Steele

Of her affection is made soft, and hot,

G

*Hee reads, and  
comments.*

He

*Sir Gyles Goose-capper.*

He strike, and take occasion by the brow.  
Blest is the wooing thats not long a dooing. *Exit.*

*Cl.* Had ever man so true, and noble friend?  
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire  
To all true honour, and iudiciall love,  
Wood suffer such a flourishing pyne in both  
To overlooke the boxe-trees of this time?  
When the learn'd minde hath by impulsion wrought  
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame;  
No elementall smoke can darken it,  
Nor Northren coldnesse nippe her *Daphnean* Flower,  
O sacred friendship thanks to thy kinde power,  
That being retir'd from all the faithlesse World,  
Appear'st to me in my unworldly friend,  
And for thine own sake let his noble minde,  
By moving presedent to all his kinde,  
( Like just *Dencalion* ) of Earths stony bones  
Repaire the World, with humane blood, and flesh,  
And dying vertue with new life refresh. *Exit.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

*Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winnifred.*

*King.* Tis time to leave your Chests, Ladies, tis too  
Audious an exercise after Dinner.

*Ta.* Why is it cal'd Chests?

*Hip.* Because they leane upon their Chests that play  
at it.

*Tal.* I wood have it cal'd the strife of wits, for tis a  
game so witty, that with strife for mastery, we hunt it  
eagerly.

*Eug.* Specially where the wit of the *Goose-capper* are  
in chase my Lord.

*Tal.* I am a *Goose-cappe* by the mothers side, Madam,  
at

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe:*

at least my mother was a *Goose-cappe*.

*Pene.* And you were her white sonne, I warrant my Lord.

*Tal.* I was the youngest, Lady, and therefore must bee her white sonne, yee know, the youngest of ten I was.

*Hip.* And the wisest of Fifteene.

*Tal.* And sweet Lady will yee cast a kinde eye now upon my Cosin, Sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*.

*Pene.* Pardon my Lord, I have never a spare eye to cast away I assure ye.

*Tal.* I wonder you shood count it cast away, Lady, upon him, doe you remember those few of his good parts I rehearse to you?

*Pene.* Very perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in England, pray lets see some of his worke?

*Hip.* Sweet Lord lets see him sowe a little.

*Tal.* You shall, a mine honour, Lady.

*Eng.* Hees a goodly great Knight indeed; and a little needle in his hand will become him prettely.

*King.* From the *Spanish Pike* to the *Spanish Needle*, he shall play with any Knight in England Lady.

*Eng.* But not *à converso*, from the *Spanish* needle to the *Spanish Pike*.

*King.* I thinke he be too wise for that indeed Madam, for he has 20. Miles length in land lies together, and he wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a Pike.

*Hip.* But no man commends my blunt Servant fir  
*Cut.* *Endesby* methinks

*King.* Hee is a kinde Gentleman, Lady, though he be blunt, and is of this humour, the more you presume upon him without Ceremonie, the more hee loves you, if he know you thinke him kinde once, and will say nothing but still use him, you may melt him into any kindnesse you will; he is right like a wo-

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

man; and had rather, you shood bluntlie take the greatest favour you can of him; then shamefastly intreat it.

*Eng.* He saies well to you *Hippolyta*.

*Hip.* I Madam, but they say, he will beate one in jest, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffles in Courtship.

*King.* Some that he makes sport withall perhaps, but none that he respects, I assure ye.

*Hip.* And what's his living sir *Cutberd*?

*King.* Some two thousand a yeere Lady.

*Hip.* I pray do not tell him that I askt, for I stand not upon living.

*King.* O good Lady, who can live without living?

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* Still beere Lordings? good companions yfaith, I see you come not for vittles.

*Tal.* Vittles, my Lord? I hope wee have vittles at home.

*Mom.* I but sweet Lord, there is a principle in the Politicians physicke, Eat not your meat upon other mens trenchers, & beware of surfets of your owne cost: manie good companions cannot abide to cate meate at home, ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire Lady Feeres?

*Eng.* What winde blowes you hether troe?

*Mom.* Harke you Madam, the sweet gale of one *Clarences* breath, with this his paper, sayle blowes me hether.

*Eng.* Aye me still, in that humour? beshrewe my heart, if I take any Papers from him.

*Mom.* Kindebosome doe thou take it then

*Eng.* Nay then never trust me.

*Mom.* Let it fall then, or cast it away, you were best that every body may discover your love suites, doe; theres



theres somebody neare, if you note it, and how have you spent the time since Dinner nobles?

*King.* At chests my Lord.

*Mom.* Read it Neece.

*Eng.* Here beare it backe, I pray.

*Mom.* I beare you on my backe to heare you; & how play the Ladies sir *Cuthbert*, what men doe they play best withall, with Knights or rookes?

*Tal.* With Knights my Lord.

*Mom.* 'Tis pittie their boord is no broader, and that some men called guls are not added to their game.

*King.* Why my Lo? it needs not, they make the Knights guls.

*Mom.* That's pretty sir *Cuthbert*; you have begon I know Neece, forth I command you.

*Eng.* O yare a sweet uncle.

*Mom.* I have brought here a little *Greeke*, to helpe mee out withall, and shees so coy of her learning forsooth, she makes it strange: Lords, and Ladies I invite you all to supper to night, and you shall not deny me.

*All.* We will attend your Lordship.

*Tal.* Come Ladies let's into the gallery a little.

*Exeunt.*

*Mom.* And now what saies mine owne deere Neece yfaith?

*Eng.* What shood she say to the backside of a paper?

*Mom.* Come, come, I know you have bin a'the belly side.

*Eng.* Now was there ever Lord so prodigall of his owne honour'd bloud, and dignity?

*Mom.* Away with these same horse-faire allegations; will you answer the letter?

*Eng.* Gods my life, you goe like a cunning spokesman, answer uncle; what doe you thinke me desperate of a husband?

*Mom.* Not so Neece, but carelesse of your poore Vncle.

*Eng.* I will not writ that's certaine.

*Mom.* What will you have my friend, and I perish? doe you thirst our blouds?

*Eng.* O yare in a mighty danger, noe doubt on't.

*Mom.* If you have our blouds, beware our ghosts; I can tell ye, come will ye write?

*Eng.* I will not write yfaith.

*Mom.* yFaith dame, then I must be your secretary, I see, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate, and ile write.

*Eng.* If you write no otherwise then I dictate, it will scarce prove a kinde answer; I beleeve:

*Mom.* But you will be advisd, I trust. Secretaries are of counsell with their Countesses, thus it begins. Suffer him to love, that suffers not loving, what answer you to that?

*Eng.* He loves extreemely that suffers not in love.

*Mom.* He answers you for that presently, his love is without passion, and therefore free from alteration, for *Pati* you know is *in alterationem labi*; he loves you in his soule, he tels you, wherein there is no passion, saie dame what answer you?

*Eng.* Nay if I answer any thing.

*Mom.* Why? very well, ile answer for you.

*Eng.* You answer? shall I set my hand to your answer?

*Mom.* I by my faith shall ye.

*Eng.* By my faith, but you shall answer as I wood have you then.

*Mom.* Alwaies put in with advice of your secretary, Neece, come, what answer you?

*Eng.* Since you needes will have my Answer, Ile answer briefly to the first, and last part of his letter.

*Mom.*

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Mom.* Doe so Neece, and leave the midst for him-  
selfe a gods name: what is your answere?

*Eug.* I cannot but suffer you to love, if you doe love.

*Mom.* Why very good, there it is, and will requite  
your love; say you so?

*He writes, and  
she dictates.*

*Eug.* Beshrow my lipps then my Lord.

*Mom.* Beshrow my fingers but you shall; what  
you may promise to requite his love, and yet not pro-  
mise him marriage, I hope; well, and will requite your  
love.

*Eug.* Nay good my Lord, hold your hand, for I be  
sworne, I'll not set my hand too't.

*Mom.* Well hold off your hand good Madam, till it  
shood come on, I'll be ready for it anon, I warrent ye:  
now forth; my love is without passion, and therefore  
free from alteration, what answere you to that Ma-  
dam?

*Eug.* Even this my Lord, your love being mentall,  
needs no bodily Requital.

*Mom.* I am content with that, and here it is; but in  
hart.

*Eug.* What but in hart?

*Mom.* Hold off your hand yet I say, I doe embrace,  
and repay it.

*Eug.* You may write uncle, but if you get my hand  
to it.

*Mom.* Alas Neece, this is nothing, is any thing to a  
bodily marriage, to say you love a man in soule, if  
your harts agree, and your bodies meet not? simple  
marriage rites, now let us forth: he is in the way  
to felicity, and desires your hand.

*Eug.* My hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicity.

*Mom.* Very good, may not any woman say this now.  
Conclude now sweet Neece.

*Eug.* And so God prosper your journey.

*Mom.* Charitably concluded, though farre short of  
that love I wood have shoven to any friend of yours,  
Neece

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

Gave luster to those lamps, and curling thus  
My golden foretope stept into the presence,  
Where set with other princely Dames I found  
The Countesse of *Lancaster*, and her neece,  
Who as I told you cast so fix'd an eye  
On my behaviours talking with the King.

*Al.* True my good Lord.

*Fur.* They rose when I came in, and all the lights  
Burn'd dim for shame, when I stood up, and shin'd.

*Foul.* O most passionate description sir *Cut.*

*Rud.* True of a candles end.

*Goof.* The passingst description of a candle, that ever  
lived sir *Cut.*

*Fur.* Yet aym'd I not at them, nor seem'd to note  
What grace they did me, but found courtly cause  
To talke with an accomplit gentleman  
New come from *Italy*, in quest of newes  
I spake *Italian* with him.

*Rud.* What so young?

*Fur.* *O rarissime volte cadono nel parlar nostro familiare.*

*Foul.* Slid a cood speake it, Knight, at three yeeres old.

*Fur.* Nay, gentle Captaine, doe not set me forth;  
I love it not, in truth I love it not.

*Foul.* Slight, my lo but truth is truth, you know.

*Goof.* I dare ensure your Lordship, Truth is truth, and  
I have heard in *France*, they speake *French* as well, as  
their mother tongue, my lo.

*Fur.* VVhy tis their mother tongue, my noble Knight.  
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note  
The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,  
With that *Italianate* Frenchman, and tooke time  
(Still as our conference serv'd) to shew my Courtship  
In the three quarter legge, and settled looke,  
The quicke kisse of the top of the forefinger,  
And other such exploytes of good Accord;  
All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes  
With such attention, that their favours swarm'd

About

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe:*

About my bosome, in my hart, mine eares,  
In skarffes about my thighes, upon mine armes  
Thicke on my wristes, and thicker on my hands.  
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.  
All this I tell to this notorious end,  
That you may use your Courtship with lesse care  
To your coy mistresses; As when we strike  
A goodly Sammon, with a little line,  
We doe not tugge to hale her up by force,  
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke lost;  
But let her carelesse play alongst the streame,  
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

*Fowl.* A my life a most rich comparison.

*Goose.* Never stirre, if it be not a richer Caparison, then  
my Lo. my Cofin wore at Tilt, for that was broddred with  
nothing but moone-shine it'h the water, and this has  
Sammons in't; by heaven a most edible Caparison.

*Rud.* Odious thou woodst say, for cōparisons are odious:

*Fowl.* So they are indeed sir *Cui.* all but my Lords.

*Goose.* Be Caparisons odious sir *Cui.* what like flowers?

*Rud.* O asse they be odorous.

*Goose.* A botts at that fineking word odorous, I can  
never hitt on't.

*Fur.* And how like you my Court-counsell gallants, ha?

*Fowl.* Out of all proportion excellent, my Lord; & be-  
leeve it for Emphaticall Courtship, your Lordship puts  
downe all the Lords of the Court.

*Fur.* No good Captaine no.

*Fowl.* By *France* you doe, my Lord, for Emphaticall  
Courtship.

*Fur.* For Emphaticall Courtship indeed I can doe  
somewhat.

*Fowl.* Then does your merry entertainment become you  
so festiually, that you have all the bravery of a Saint  
*Georges* Day about ye, when you use it.

*Fur.* Nay thats too much, in sadnesse, Captaine.

*Goose.* O good my Lo. let him prayse you, what so ere

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

it costs your Lordship.

*Foul.* I assure your Lordship, your merry behaviour does so festiſſally ſhow upon you, that every high holliday, when Ladies wood be moſt beautifull; every one wiſhes to God ſhe were turnd into ſuch a little Lord as you, when y<sup>e</sup> are merry.

*Goof.* By this ſire they doe my Lord, I have heard am.

*Fur.* Marry God forbid, Knight, they ſhould be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them, amine honour.

*Foul.* Then for your Lordſhips quips, & quicke jeſts, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them, a my vertue.

*Fur.* Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine, ſhe's an excellent wit, and thou ſhalt have Crownes, amine honour, and now Knights, and Captaine, the foole you told me off, do you all know him?

*Goof.* I know him beſt my Lord.

*Fur.* Doe you ſir *Gyles*, to him then good Knight, and be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him unto us ſir *Gyles*, paint him lively, lively now, my good Knightly boy.

*Goof.* Why my good Lord, he will nere be long from us, becauſe we are all mortall you know.

*Fur.* Very true.

*Goof.* And as ſoone as ever we goe to Dinner, and Supper together.

*Rud.* Dinner and ſupper together, whens that troe?

*Goof.* A well come you in amongſt us, with his Cloake buttond, thoſe under his chinne

*Rud.* Buttond looſe, my Lord?

*Goof.* I my Lord, buttond looſe ſtill, and both the flaps caſt over before both his ſhoulders afore him.

*Rud.* Both ſhoulders afore him?

*Fur.* From before him he meane; ſorth good ſir *Gyles*.

*Goof.* Like a potentate, my Lord?

*Rud.* Much like a Potentate indeed.

*Goof.* For all the world like a Potentate, S. *Car.* ye know.

*Rud.*

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Rud.* So Sir.

*Goof.* All his beard nothing but haire.

*Cnd.* Or something else.

*Goof.* Or something else as you say.

*Foul.* Excellent good.

*Goof.* His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenges allwaies in an uncleane hand-kerchiefe, very cleanly, I warrant you, my Lord.

*Fur.* A good neate foole, sir *Gyles*, of mine honour.

*Goofe.* Then his fine words that he sets them in, con-  
caticall, a fine Anniseede wench foole upon ticket, and  
so forth.

*Fur.* Passing strange words beleeeve me.

*Goof.* Knoth every man at the table, though he never  
saw him before, by sight, and then will he foole you so  
finely my Lord, that he will make your hart ake, till  
your eyes runne over.

*Fur.* The best that ever I heard, gray merey good  
Knight for thy merry description. Captaine, I give thee  
twenty companies of commendations, never to be  
cashierd.

*Enter Iacke, and Will on the other side.*

*App.* Save your Lordship.

*Fur.* My pretty cast-of *Merlins*, what prophecies with  
your little masterships?

*Ia.* Things that cannot come to passe my Lord, the  
worse our fortunes.

*Foul.* Why, whats the matter Pages?

*Rud.* How now my Ladies foytting hounds.

*Goof.* M. *Iacke*, M. *Ia.* how do ye M. *Wissam*? frolicke?

*Wil.* Not so frolicke, as you left us, sir *Gyles*.

*Fur.* Why wags, what newes bring you a Gods name?

*Ia.* Heavy newes indeed, my Lord, pray pardon us

*Fur.* Heavy newes? not possible your little bodies  
good bring am then, unload those your heavy newes, I  
beseech ye?

*Wil.* Why my Lord the foole we tooke for your Lo-  
is thought too wise for you, and we dare not present him.

*Goof.* Slydd Pages, youle not cheates of our foole ? will ye ?

*Ia.* Why ſir *Gyles* ? hees too dogged, and bitter for you in truth ; we ſhall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he ſhall make all the World laugh at us.

*Wil.* I indeed, ſir *Gyles*, and he knowes you ſo well too.

*Gyles.* Know me ? ſlight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his diſh.

*Ia.* Faith he begs you to be content ſir *Gyles*, for he will not come.

*Goof.* Beg me ? ſlight I wood I had knowne that, tother Day, I thought I had met him in Paules, and he had bin any body elſe but a Piller, I wood have runne him through by heaven: beg me ?

*Foul.* He begges you to be content, ſir *Gyles*, that is, he praies you.

*Goof.* O does he praife me then I commend him.

*Fur.* Let this unfutable foole goe ſir *Gyles*, we will make ſhift without him.

*Goof.* That we will, a my word, my Lord, and have him too for all this.

*Wil.* Doe not you ſay ſo, ſir *Gyles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

*Goof.* Dead ? ſlight that can not be man. I know he wood ha writ to me ant had bin ſo.

*Fur.* Quicke or dead, let him goe, ſir *Gyles*.

*Ia.* I my Lord, for we have better newes for you to harken after.

*Fur.* VVhat are they my good Novations ?

*Ia.* My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lordſhip, and theſe Knights, & Captaine to accompany the Counteſſe *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies, at his houſe at ſupper to night.

*Wil.* All deſiring your Lo. to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

*Fur.* VVithall my hart waggas, and thers amends ; my harts, now ſet your Courtſhip a'the laſt, a'the tainters, and pricke up your ſelves for the Ladies.

*Goof.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Goof.* O brave sir *Cut.* come lets pricke up the Ladies;  
*Fur.* And will not the Knights two noble kinsemen be  
there ?

*Ia.* Both will be there , my Lord.

*Fur.* VVhy theres the who'e knot of us then, and  
there shall we knocke up the whole triplicity of your  
nuptials.

*Goof.* Ile make my Lord my Cofin speake for me.

*Foul.* And your Lordship will be for me I hope.

*Fur.* VVith tooth , and naile Captaine , A my  
lordship.

*Rud.* Hang am Tytts, ile pommell my selfe into  
am.

*Ia.* Your lo. your Cofin sir *Gyles* has promiſt the  
Ladies they shall see you sowe.

*Goof.* Cods me, wood I might never be mortall, if I  
doe not carry my worke with me.

*Fur.* Doe so sir *Gyles*, and withall use meanes  
To taint their high blouds with the shaft of love,  
Sometimes a fingers motion wounds their mindes :  
A jest, a jesture , or a pretty laugh :  
A voyce, a present, ah, things done ith nicke  
VVound deepe, and sure, and let sſie your gold,  
And we shall nuptialls have hold belly hold.

*Goof.* O rare sir *Cut.* we shall eate nut-shells.  
hold belly hold

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* O pittifull Knight, that knowes not nuptialls from  
nut-shells !

*Wil.* And now *Comme porte vous monsieur !*

*Bul.* *Porte bien, vous remercy.*

*Ia.* VVe may see it indeed, Sir, and you shall goe afore  
with us.

*Bul.* Na good *monsieurs.*

*Wil.* Another Craſh in my Ladies Celler yfaith, *mon-*  
*sieur.*

*Bul.* *Remercy de bon.cœur monsieurs.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter.*

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Enter Clarence, Momford.*

( beames

*Mom.* How now my friend, does not the knowing,  
That through thy common sense glaunce through thy  
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire (eyes,  
And warme thy heart with a triumphant fire?

*Mom.* My Lord I feele a treble happines  
Mix in one soule, which proves how eminent  
Things endlesse are above things temporall,  
That are in bodies needefully confin'd;  
I cannot suffer their dimensions pierc't,  
Where my immortall part admits expanse,  
Even to the comprehension of two more  
Commixt substantially with her meere selfe. ( friend?

*Mom.* As how my strange, and riddle-speaking.

*Cl.* As thus, my Lord, I feele my owne minds joy,  
As it is separate from all other powers,  
And then the mixture of an other soule  
Ioyn'd in direction to one end, like it;  
And thirdly the contentment I enjoy,  
As we are joyn'd, that I shall worke that good  
In such a noble spirit as your Neece,  
Which in my selfe I feele for absolute;  
Each good minde doubles his owne free content,  
When in an others use they give it vent.

*Mom.* Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong  
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,  
Then that which show presents to thy conceits,  
In working thee a wife worse then she seemes;  
Ile tell thee plaine a secret which I know.  
My Neece doth use to paint herselfe with white,  
Whose cheekes are naturally mixt with redd,  
Either because she thinks pale-lookes moves most:  
Or of an answerable nice affect  
To other of her modest qualities;  
Because she woud not with the outward blaze  
Of tempting beauty tangle wanton eies;  
And so be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich

Which construe as thou wilt, I make it knowne,  
That thy free comment may examine it,  
As willing to tell truth of my Neece,  
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.

*Cl.* A jealous part of friendship you unfold;  
For was it ever seene that any Dame  
Wood change of choise a well mixt white, and red  
For bloodles palenes, if she striv'd to move?  
Her painting then is to shun motion,  
But if she mended some defects with it,  
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;  
(Which to supplie bare nature) Ladies weare?  
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;  
(If nature made us eyther lame or sicke, )  
VVe wood not seeke for sound limmes, or for health  
By Art the Rector of confused Nature?  
So in a face, if Nature be made lame,  
Then Art can make it, is it more offence  
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?  
VVho can give instance where Dames faces lost  
The priviledge their other parts may boast.

*Mom.* But our most Court received Poets saies,  
That painting is pure chastities abator.

*Cl.* That was to make up a poorerime to Nature.  
And farre from any judgment it confer'd  
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes,  
And if in chastity possesse the hart;  
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare  
Doth painting spot it,

*Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.*

For outward fairenes beares the Divine forme,  
And moves beholders to the Act of love;  
And that which moves to love is to be wisht,  
And each thing simply to be wisht is good.  
So I conclude mere painting of the faee  
A lawfull, and a commendable grace.

*Mom.* VVhat paradox dost thou defend in this?

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

And yet through thy cleare arguments I see:  
Thy speech is farre exempt from flattery,  
And how illiterate custome grossly erres?  
Almost in all traditions she preferres.  
Since then the doubt I put thee of my Neece,  
Checks nor thy doubtlesse love, forth my deare friend,  
And to all force to those impressions,  
That now have caru'd her phantasie with love,  
I have invited her to supper here.  
And told her thou art most extreemly sicke.  
Which thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill.

*Cl.* Which is exceeding small to counterfeit.

*Mom.* Practise a little, love will teach it thee,  
And then shall *Doctor Verſay* the phyſitian,  
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house,  
Which whom as thou confer'st of thy disease,  
He bring my Neece with all the Lords, and Ladies.  
Within your hearing under fain'd pretext,  
To shew the Pictures that hang neere thy Chamber,  
Where when thou hearst my voyce, know she is there.  
And therefore speake that which may stir her thoughts,  
And make her ſlie into thy opened armes.  
Ladies: whom true worth cannot move to ruth,  
Trew lovers, must deceive to shew their truth. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quartus.*

ACTVS QVIN TI SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Roderby,  
Goose-cappe, Foulweather, Eugenia, Hippolyta,  
Penelope, Winnifred.*

*Mom.* VWhere is sir Gyles Goose-cappe here?

*Goof.* Here my Lord.

*Mom.* Come forward Knight t'is you that the Ladies  
admire at working a mine honour.

*Goof.*

*Goose.* A little at once my Lord for idlenesse sake.

*Few. Sir Gyles.* I say, to her Captaine.

*Penel.* Come good servant let's see what you worke.

*Goose.* Why looke you Mistris, I am makeing a fine dry sea, full of fish, playing in the bottome, and here ile let in the water so lively, that you shall heare it Rore.

*Eng.* Not heare it sir Gyles?

*Goose.* Yes in sooth Madam with your eyes.

*Tal.* I Lady; for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life, as my Knightly colen does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the eare seemes to take part with it.

*Hip.* That's a very good reason my Lord.

*Mom.* What a jest it is, to heare how seriously he strives to make his foolish kinsmans answeres wise ones?

*Penel.* VVhat shall this be servant?

*Goose.* This shall be a great VVhale Mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge Hills of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him Mistris, for he shalbe filke, and gould, he shall doe you noe harme, and he be neere so lively.

*Penel.* Thanke you good servant.

*Tal.* Doe not thinke Lady, but he had neede tell you this a forchand: for a mine honour, he wrought me the monster *Caucasus* so lively, that at the first sight I started at it.

*Mom.* The monster *Caucasus*? my Lord, *Caucasus* is a Mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

*Tal.* *Cacus* indeede my Lord, crie you mercie.

*Goose.* Heere ile take out your eye, and you will Mistris.

*Penel.* No by my faith Servant, t'is better in-

*Goof.* Why Ladie, he has take it out in jest, in earnest.

*Penc.* No, something else there good servant.

*Goof.* Why then here shall be a Camell, and he shall have hornes, and he shall looke for all the VVorld like a maide without a husband.

*Hip.* O bitter sir Gyles, can you tell me?

*Ta.* Nay he has a drie wit, Lady, I can tell ye.

*Penc.* He bodd me there indeed my Lord.

*Fur.* Marry him sweet Lady, to answere his bitter bod.

*King.* So she may answere him with hornes indeed.

*Eng.* See what a pretty worke he weares in his boote-hole.

*Hip.* Did you worke them your selfe sir Gyles, or bny them?

*Goof.* I bought am for nothing Madam in th'ex-change.

*Eng.* Bought am for nothing?

*Ta.* Indeed Madam in th'exchange they so honour him for his worke, that they will take nothing for any thing he buies on am, but wheres the rich might cap you wright cosen, if it had nor bin too little for you, it was the best pette of worke that ever I sawe.

*Goof.* Why my Lord, it was bigge enough; when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you know.

*Ta.* Indeed the warmer a man keepes his fete the lesse he needs weate upon his head.

*Eng.* You speake for your kinsman the best that ever I heard my Lord.

*Goof.* But I beleewe Madam, my Lord my cosen has not told you all my good parts.

*Ta.* I told him so I warrant you cosen.

*Hip.* VVhat doe you thinke hee left out Sir Gyles?

*Goof.* Marry Madam I can take Tobacco now, and I have bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better then

then all the burning glasses in V. Would

*Eng.* Glowe-wormes, for Gyles will they make it burne?

*Goof.* O good Madam, I feed am with nothing but fire, a purpose. He besworne they eat me five Eggs on a weeke in Charcoale.

*Tal.* Nay he has the strangest devices, Ladies, that ever you heard of, I warrant ye.

*Fur.* That's a strange device indeed, my Lord,

*Hip.* But your loving sir Gyles is a most gentlewoman-like quality, I assure you.

*Phe.* O farre away, for now servant, you neede never marry, you are both husband, and wife your selfe.

*Goof.* Nay indeed mistress, I wood faine marry for all that, and ile tell you my reason, if you will.

*Phe.* I let's here it good servant.

*Goof.* Why, Madam, we have a great match at football towards, married men against bachelers, and the married men be all my friends, so I wood faine marry to take the married mens parts in truth.

*Hip.* The best reason for marriage that ever I heard sir Gyles.

*Goof.* I pray will you keepe my worke a litle Mistress I must needs straine a litle courtship in truth.

*Exit Sir Gyles.*

*Hip.* Gods my life I thought he was a litle to blame.

*Rud.* Come come, you here not me Dame.

*Fur.* Well said sir *Cur.* to her now, we shall heare fresh courting

*Hip.* Alas sir *Cur.* you are not worth the bearing, every body saies you cannot love, howsoever you talke on't.

*Rud.* Not love Dame? slide what argument woodst have of my love tro? let me looke as redde as Scarlet a fore I see thee, and when thou comst in sight if the sunne of thy beauty, doe not white me like a Shippards holland, I am a Jewe to my Creatour.

*Hip.* O excellent!

*Rud.* Let me burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turned the very heart in my belly, and made me ready to be hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

*Hip.* You shood have hangd longer for *Cur*: tis not right yet.

*Rud.* Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my body for thy love, and ile laie in thy hand to prove it, doost thinke I am no Christian, have I not a soule to save?

*Hip.* Yes tis to save yet I warrant it, and wilbe while tis a soule if you use this.

*Fur.* Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Capitaines Courtship, is not heard yet, good Madam give him favour to court you with his voyce.

*Eng.* VVhat shood he Court me with all else my Lord?

*Mom.* VVhy, I hope Madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

*Fur.* I meane with an audible sweete song Madam.

*Eng.* VVith all my heart my Lord, if I shall be so much indebted to him.

*Foul.* Nay I will be indebted to your cares lady for hearing me sound musicke.

*Fur.* VVell done Capitaine, prove as it will now.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Me.* My Lord, Doctor Versay the Physitian is come to see master Clarence.

*Mom.* Light, and attend him to him presently.

*Fur.* To Master Clarence? what is your friend sicke?

*Mom.* Exceeding sicke.

*Tal.* I am exceeding sorry.

*King.* Never was sorrow worthier bestowed,  
Then for the ill state of so good a man

*Pene.* Alas poore Gentleman; good my Lord lets see him.

*Mom.* Thankes gentle lady, but my friend is loth  
To



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

To trouble ladies since he cannot quit them.

VVith any thing he hath that they respect.

*Hip.* Respect my Lord; I woud hold such a man  
In more respect then any Emperour:

For he cood make me Empresse of my selfe

And in mine owne rule comprehend the VWorld.

*Mom.* How now young Dame? what sodainly inspired?

This speech hath silver haire, and reverence asks,

And sooner shall have duty done of me,

Then any pompe in temporall Empery.

*Hip.* Good Madam get my Lord to let us greet him.

*Eng.* Alas we shall but wrong, and trouble him.

His contemplations greet him with most welcome.

*Fur.* I never knew a man of so sweet a temper,

So soft, and humble; of so high a Spirit.

*Mom.* Alas my noble Lord he is not rich,

Nor titles hath; nor in his tender cheekes

The standing lake of *Impudence* corrupts,

Hath nought in all the VWorld; nor nought woud have,

To grace him in the prostituted light.

But if a man woud consort with a soule

VVhere all mans Sea of gall, and bitternes

Is quite evaporate with her holy flames,

And in whose powers a Dove-like innocence

Fosters her own deserts, and life, and death,

Runnes hand in hand before them: All the Skies

Cleere; and transparent to her piercing eyes,

Then woud my friend be something; but till then

A *Cypher*; nothing, or the worst of men.

*Soul.* Sweet Lord lets goe visit him.

*Enter Goose-cappe.*

*Goof.* Pray good my Lord, what's that you talke on?

*Mom.* Are you come from your necessary busines Sir  
*Gyles*? we talke of the visiting of my sick friend *Clarence*.

*Goof.* O good my Lord lets visite him, cause I know  
his brother.

*Hip.* Know his brother, nay then Count doe

ret

not deny him.

*Goof.* Pray my Lord whether was eldest, he or his elder brother?

*Mom.* O! the younger brother eldest, while you live sir *Gyles*.

*Goof.* I say so still my Lord, but I am so borne downe with truth, as never any Knight in the world was I thinke.

*Ta.* A man would thinke he speakes simply now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngest, or eldest. For often we see the youngest inherite, wherein he is eldest.

*Eug.* Your logical wit my Lord is able to make any thing good.

*Mom.* VVell come sweet Lords, & Ladies, let us spend The time till supper-time with some such sights, As my poore house is furnished withall, Pictures, and jewels, of which implements, It may be I have some will please you much.

*Goof.* Sweet Lord lets see them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarence and Doctor.*

*Do.* I thinke your disease sir, be rather of the minde then the body.

*Cla.* Be there diseases of the minde *Doctor*?

*Do.* No question sir, even as there be of the body.

*Cla.* And cures for them too?

*Do.* And cures for them too, but not by Physicke.

*Cla.* You will have their diseases, griefes? will you not?

*Do.* Yes, oftentimes.

*Cla.* And doe not griefes ever rise out of passions?

*Do.* Evermore.

*Cla.* And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

*Do.* Not the passions of the minde, for the minde many times is sicke, when the body is healthfull.

*Cla.* But is not the mindes-sickness of power to make the body sicke?

*Do.* In time, certaine.

*Cla.*

*Cl.* And the bodies ill affections able to infect the  
*Do.* No question. (minde?)

*Cl.* Then if there be such a naturall commeree of  
Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one of-  
fends the other, why shood not the medicines for one  
cure the other?

*Do.* Yet it will not you see, *Hei mihi quod nullis amor est  
medicabilis herbis.*

*Cl.* Nay then *Doctor*, since you cannot make any  
reasonable Connexion of these two contrarieties the  
minde, and the body; making both subiect to passion,  
wherein you confound the substances of both, I must  
tell you there is no disease of the minde but one, and  
that is *Ignorance*.

*Do.* Why what is love? is not that a disease of the  
minde?

*Cl.* Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the  
blood, nor are we subject to any disease, or sorrow,  
whose causes or effects simply, and natively concerne  
the body, that the minde by any meanes partaketh, nor  
are there any passions in the soule, for where there are  
no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your  
Master *Galen* refers *pari irascenti*, For *illic est anima  
sentiens ubi sunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule  
cannot be there also.

*Do.* But you know we use to say, my minde gives me  
this or that, even in those addictions that concerne the  
body.

*Cl.* We use to say so indeed, and from that use comes  
the abuse of all knowledge, and her practice, for when  
the object in question only concerns the state of the  
body; why shood the soule be sorry or glad for it? if  
she willingly mixe her selfe, then she is a toole, if of ne-  
cessity, and against her will, A slave, and so, far from that  
widdome, and freedom that the Emprise of Reason,  
and an eternall Substance shood comprehend.

*Do.* Divinely spoken Sir, but very Paradoxically.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Enter Momford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnisfall, Rudesby, Gosf.  
Fowl, Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta, Winnifred.*

*Mom.* VVho's there ?

*I*, my Lord.

*Mom.* Bring hether the Key of the gallery, methought  
I heard the Doctor, and my friend.

*Fur.* I did so sure.

*Mom.* Peace then a while my Lord  
We will be bold to evesdroppe ; For I know  
My friend is as respective in his Chamber  
And by himselfe , of any thing he does  
As in a *Criscke Synods* curious eyes  
Following therein *Pythagoras* golden rule.

*Maximè omnium reipsum reuerere.*

*Cl.* Know you the Countesse *Eugenia* sir?

*Do.* Exceeding well sir, she's a good learned scholler.

*Cl.* Then I perceive you know her well indeed.

*Do.* Me thinks you two shood use much conference.

*Cl.* Alas sir, we doe very seldome meet,  
For her estate, and mine are so unequal,  
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre,  
That I hold much too sacred a respect,  
of hir high vertues to let mine attend them.

*De.* Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flow  
Out of your judgment but from passion.

*Cl.* Indeed I doe account that passion,  
The very high perfection of my minde,  
That is excited by her excellence,  
And therefore willingly, and gladly seele it.  
For what was spoken of the most chaste Quene  
Of rich *Pasiasa* may be said of her.

*Moribus Antevenit sortem virtibus Annos,  
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.*

*Do.* A most excellent *Disticke*.

*Mom.* Come Lords away, lets not presume too much  
Of a good nature, not for all I have  
VVood I have him take knowledge of the wrong

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

I rudely offer him : come then ile shew  
A few rare jewels to your honour'd eyes;  
And then present you with a common supper.

*Goof.* Jewells my Lord, why is not this candlestick  
one of your jewells pray ?

*Mom.* Yes, marry is it, sir *Gyles*, if you will.

*Goof.* Tis a most fine candlestick in truth, it wants  
nothing but the languages.

*Penc.* The languages servant, why the languages ?

*Goof.* Why Mistress ; there was a latin candlestick here  
afore, and that had the languages I am sure.

*Tal.* I thought he had a reason for it Lady.

*Penc.* I, and a reason of the Sunne too my Lord, for  
his father wood have bin ashamed on't. *Exeunt.*

*Do.* Well master *Clarence* I perceive your minde  
Hath so incorporate it selfe with flesh  
And therein rarified that flesh to spirit,  
That you have need of no Physicians helpe.  
But good Sir even for holy vertues health  
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make  
Those ground-workes of eternity, you lay  
Meanes to your ruine, and short being here :  
For the too strict, and rationall Course you hold  
Will eat your body up ; and then the World,  
Or that small poynt of it, where vertue lives  
Will suffer Diminution : It is now  
Brought almost to a simple unity :

Which is (as you well know) *Simplior puncto.*

And if that point faile once, why, then alas

The unity must onely be suppos'd.

Let it not faile then, most men else have sold it ;

Tho you neglect your selfe, uphold it,

So with my reverend love I leave you sir.

*Exit.*

*Cl.* Thanks worthy Doctor, I do amply quite you  
I prop poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,  
And only by one friend in all the World,  
For vertues onely sake I use this wile,

*Sir Gyles Goose-cuppe.*

Which otherwise I woud despise, and scorne,  
The World should sinke, and all the pompe she hugs  
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe,  
Ere I sustaine it, if this stendrest joynt  
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings love so well  
Had power to save it from the throate of hell.

*He drawes the Curtaines, and sits within them.*

*Enter; Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta.*

*Eng.* Come on faire Ladies I must make you both  
Familiar witnesses of the most strange part  
And full of impudence, that ere I plaide.

*Hip.* What's that good Madam?

*Eng.* I that have bene so more then maiden-nice  
To my deere Lord, and uncle not to yeeld  
By his importunate suite to his friends love  
In looke, or almost thought; will of my selfe  
Farre past his expectation or his hope  
In a shion, and in person greete his friend,  
And comfort the poore gentlemans sickle state.

*Pene.* Is this a part of so much impudence?

*Eng.* No but I feare me it will stretch to more.

*Hip.* Marry Madam the more the merrier.

*Eng.* Marry Madam? what shoud I marry him?

*Hip.* You take the word me thinkes as tho you woud,  
And if there be a thought of such kind heate  
In your cold bosome, woud to god my breath  
Might blow it to the flame of your kind hart.

*Eng.* Gods preticus Lady, know ye what you say,  
Respect you what I am; and what he is,  
What the whole world woud say, & what great Lords  
I have refused, and might as yet embrace,  
And speake you like a wench to with me him?

*Hip.* Madam leaſt all this, and know your choise  
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores  
Of your judicall eyes: I am but young,  
And be it said without all pride I take,

To be a maid, I am one, and indeed  
Yet in my mothers womb to all die wiles  
Weend in the rooms of greatness, and of state:  
And yet even by that little I have lea'n'd  
Out of common conference with you,  
I have cride his best home of this much judgment  
In my greene living time, that I good plate  
The constant sweetnes of good *Clarence* minde,  
Fild with his inward wealth, and noblenes;  
( Looke Madam here, ) when others outward trash  
Shood be contented to come under here.

*Pan.* And so say I upon my maidenhead.

*Eng.* Tis well said Ladies, thus we differ then,  
I to the truth-wife, you to worldly men:  
And now sweet dames obserue an excellent jest  
(at least in my poore jelling: ) Th' Este my uncle  
Will misse me dreire, and I know his close drift  
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete  
By some device or other he hath plotted.  
Now when he seekes us round about his house  
And cannot find us, for we may be sure  
He will not seeke me in his like friends Chamber,  
( I have at times made his love so strange, )  
He straight will thinke, I went away displeas'd,  
Or hartely careles of his hartest suite.  
And then I know there is no griefe on Earth  
Will touch his hart so much, which I will suffer  
To quire his late good pleasure wrought on me,  
For he be sworne in motion, and progresse  
Of his friends suite, I never in my life  
Wrastled so much with passion as was mov'd  
To take his fume love in such jealous part.

*Hip.* This is most excellent Madam, and will prove  
A needefull, and a noble friends Revenge.

*Eng.* Bould in a good cause, then lets greet his friend,  
Where is this sickely gentleman at his booke?  
Now in good truth I woud this bookes were burn'd

That

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

That rapp men from their friends before their time,  
How does my uncles friend, no other name  
I need give him, to whom I give my selfe,

*Cl.* O Madam let me rise that I may kneele,  
And pay some duty, to your soveraigne grace.

*Hip.* Good *Clarence* doe not worke your selfe disease  
My Lady comes to ease, and comfort you.

*Pene.* And we are handmaidcs to her to that end.

*Cl.* Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held  
Within the verge of this presumtuons chaire.

*Eng.* Why, *Clarence* is your judgement bent to show  
A common lovers passion? let the World,  
That lives without a hart, and is but shewe,  
stand on her empty, and impositions forme,  
I know thy kindenesse, and have seene thy hart,  
Gleed in my uncles free, and friendly lippes  
And I am only now to speake, and act,  
The rites due to thy love: oh I cood weepe.  
A bitter showre of teares for thy sicke state,  
I cood give passion all her blackest rites.  
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts,  
But these are common, knowledg is the boud,  
The seale, and crowne of our united mindes.  
And that is rare, and constant, and for that,  
To my late written hand I give thee this,  
See heaven, the soule thou gau'st is in this band.  
This is the Knot of our eternity,  
Which fortune, death, nor hell, shall ever loose.

*Enter Bullaker. Lacke. Will.*

*La.* VVhat an unmannerly trick is this of thy Countesse,  
to give the noble count her uncle the slippe  
thus?

*Wil.* Vnmannerlic, you villaynes? O that I were  
worthy to weare a Dagger to any purpose for thy  
fake?

*Bul.* VVhy young Gentlemen, utter your anger  
with your fists.

*Wil.*



*Wil.* That cannot be man; for all fists are shut you know, and utter nothing; and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell just for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abominable miscarry her selfe.

*Ia.* Protest you sawie Iacke you, I shood doe my country, and Court-ship good service to beare thy coals teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reverend word to passe their garde; why, the oldest Courtier in the World man, can doe noe more then protest.

*Bul.* Indeepe Page if you were in France, you wood be broken upon a wheele for it, there is not the best Dukes sonne in France dares say I protest, till he be one, and thirty yeeres old at least, for the inheritance of that word is not to be posselt before.

*Wil.* VVell, I am sorry for my presumption then, but more sorry for my Ladies, marry most sorry for thee good Lord *Momford*, that will make us most of all sorry for our selves, if we doe not finde her out.

*Ia.* Why alas what shood we doe? all the starres of our heaven see, we seeke her as fast as we can if she be crept into a rush we will seeke her out or burne her.

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* Villaines where are your Ladies, seeke them Duthence, home ye monsters, and still keepe you there Where levity keepes, in her inconstant Spheare, Away you pretious villaines, what a plague, Of varried tortures is a womans hart? How like a peacockes taile with different lightes, They differ from themselves; the very ayre Alter the aspen humors of their blouds.

*Exeunt Pages.*

Now.

Now excellent good, now superexcellent bad.  
 Some excellent good, some ? but one of all :  
 Wood any ignorant babie serue her friend,  
 Such an uncivill part ? Sblood what is learning?  
 An artificiall cobwebbe to catch *flies*,  
 And nourish *Spiders* & cood she cut my throate,  
 With her departure, I had bin her calfe,  
 And made a dish at supper for my guests  
 Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,  
 Puffe, is there not a feather in this ayre  
 A man my challenge for her ? what ? a feather ?  
 So easie to be seene ; so apt to trace ;  
 In the weake flight of her unconstant wings ?  
 A mote man at the most, that with the Sunne,  
 Is onely scene, yet with his radiant eye,  
 We cannot single so from other mores,  
 To say this mote is she, passion of death,  
 She wrongs me past a death, come, come my friend  
 Is mine, she not her owne, and theres an end.

*Eng.* Come uncle shall we goe to supper now ?

*Mom.* Zounes to supper ? what a dott is this ?

*Eng.* Alas what ailes my uncle ? Ladies see.

*Hip.* Is not your Lordship well ?

*Penc.* Good speake my Lord.

*Mom.* A sweete plague on you all, ye witty rogues  
 have you no pittie in your villanous jests, but runne a man  
 quite from his fiftene witts ?

*Hip.* Will not your Lordship see your friend, and  
 Neece.

*Mom.* Wood I might sinke if I shame not to see her  
 Tush t'was a passion of pure jealousie,  
 Ile now make her now a mends with Adoration.  
 Goddesse of learning, and of constancy,  
 Of friendship, and every other vertue.

*Eng.* Come, come you have abus'd me now, I know,  
 And now you plaister me with flatteries.

*Penc.* My Lord the contract is knit fast betwixt them

*Mom.*

*Mom.* Now all heavens quire of Angels sing Amen,  
And blesse theis true borne nuptials with their blesse;  
And Neece tho you have cosind me in this,  
Ile uncle you yet in an other thing,  
And quite deceive your expectation.  
For where you thinke you have contracted harts  
With a poore gentleman, he is sole heire  
To all my Earledome, which to you, and yours  
I freely, and for ever here bequeath;  
Call forth the Lords, sweet Ladies let them see  
This sodaine, and most welcome Novelty;  
But cry you mercy Neece, perhaps your modesty  
Will not have them partake this sodaine match.

*Eng.* O uncle thinke you so, I hope I made  
My choyce with too much judgment to take shame  
Of any forme I shall performe it with.

*Mom.* Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

*Enter Furnisall, Tal. King. Goose. R. ud. Foul. la.*

*Will, Bullaker.*

*Mom.* My Lords, take witnes of an absolute wonder,  
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,  
My friend, and my deere Neece are man, and wife.

*Fur.* A wonder of mine honour, and withall  
A worthy precedent for all the World;  
Heaven blesse you for it Lady, and your choyce.

*Ambo* Thanks my good Lord.

*Ta.* An Accident that will make policy blush,  
And all the Complements of wealth, and state,  
In the successfull, and unnumbred Race  
That shall flow from it, fild with fame, and grace.

[*Ki.* So may it speed deere Countesse, worthy Clarence.

*Ambo* Thanks good sir *Cuthbert.*

*Fur.* Captaine be not dismaide, Ile marry thee,  
For while we live, thou shalt my consort be.

*Foul.* By France my Lord, I am not griev'd a whit,  
Since Clarence hath her; he hath bin in France,  
And therefore merits her if she were better.

L

*Mom.*

*Sir Gyles Grosse-cappe.*

*Mom.* Then Knights ile knit your happy nuptiatt knots  
I know the Ladies minds better then you ;  
Tho my rare Neece hath chose for vertue only,  
Yet some more wise then some, they chuse for both  
Vertue, and wealth.

*Eug.* Nay uncle then I plead  
This goes with my choise, *Some more wise then some,*  
For onely vertues choise is truest wisdom.

*Mom.* Take wealth, & vertue both amongst you then,  
They love ye Knights extremely, and Sir *Cut.*  
I give the chaste *Hippolyta* to you,  
Sir *Gyles* this Lady.

*Pen.* Nay stay there my Lord.  
I have not yet prov'd all his Knightly parts  
I heare he is an excellent Poet too.

*Tal.* That I forgot sweet Lady ; good sir *Gyles*  
Have you no sonnet of your penne about ye ?

*Goof.* Yes, that I have I hope my Lord my Cosen.

*Far.* Why, this is passing fit.

*Goof.* I'de be loth to goe without paper about me a-  
gainst my Mistris, hold my worke againe, a man knows  
not what neede he shall have perhaps.

*Mom.* Well remembered a mine honour sir *Gyles*.

*Goof.* Pray read my Lord, I made this sonnet of my  
Mistris.

*Rud.* Nay reade thy selfe man.

*Goof.* No, ignurth sir *Cut.* I cannot reade mine owne  
hand.

*Mom.* Well I will reade it.

*Three things there be, which thou shouldst only crave*  
*Thou Penman, or thou apple of minne eye ;*

*Three things there be, which thou shouldst long to have*

*And for which three, each modest damo would die ;*

*Three things there be, that should thine anger swage,*

*An English mastife, and a fine French page.*

*Rud.* Shblood Asse theres but two things, thou shamst  
thy selfe.

*Goof.*

Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.

79  
*Goof.* Why fir *Cut.* that's *Poetical licentia*, the verse wood  
have bin too long, and I had put in the third, Slight you  
are no Poet I perceive.

*Penc.* Tis excellent servant.

*Mom.* Keepe it Lady then,  
And take the owely Knight of mortall men.

*Goof.* Thanke you good my Lord as much as tho you  
had given me twenty shillings in truth, now I may take  
the married mens parts at football.

*Mom.* All comfortscrowne you all ; and you Capitaine  
For merry forme sake let the willowe crowne ;  
A wreath of willow bring us hither straite.

*Fur.* Not for a world shood that have bin forgot  
Capitaine it is the fashion, take this Crowne.

*Fowl.* With all my hart my Lord, and thanke you too ,  
I will thanke any man that gives me crownes.

*Mom.* Now will we consecrate our ready supper  
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite,  
In forme whereof first dance, faire Lords, and Ladies,  
And after sing, so we will sing, and dance,  
And to the skies our vertuous joyes advance.

*The Measure.*

Now to the song, and doe this garland grace.

*Canto.*

Willowe, willowe, willowe.  
our Capitaine goes downe :  
Willowe, willowe, willowe,  
his vallor doth crowne.  
The rest with Rosemary we grace,  
O Hymen let thy light.  
With richest rayes guild every face,  
and feast harts with delight.  
Willowe, willowe, willowe,  
we chaunt to the skies ;  
And with blacke, and yellowe,  
give courtship the prize.

FINIS.